

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE TALE OF A PRAM ON A TRAM

A RIDE WITH ANGELS UNAWARES TALE OF A TRAMCAR The Conductor Thinks It Out THE TIRED COUPLE ON THE ROAD

This is a story (a true one) which should be read on a rainy Monday morning, when a body is inclined to think the world a cold and comfortless place.

A poor man and woman were walking dismally along the road that led into a great Midland city (it was Nottingham). The man was pushing a ramshackle old pram along; the woman went heavily, almost reeling from weariness. They presently came to the terminus of the tramcar line that runs between the city and the suburbs.

The driver and conductor of a tram about to start back were talking together by the footboard, and watched the sorry pair approach. They saw the man with the pram speak to his companion. She shook her head and trudged on. When they arrived at the terminus the tramp approached the driver. He wanted to know how far it was to the town. The driver answered that it was four miles, and in his heart he said, "You poor things! You have not always been on the road."

The Baby in the Pram

The tramp seemed to ponder a minute, glancing at his wife. "How much is the fare?" he asked.

"Twopence," said the conductor.

The tramp produced the coppers and handed them to his wife.

"Here you are, Mum," he said. "Jump in and wait for me at the other end. I'm tired, but I will not keep you waiting longer than I can help."

The driver and conductor glanced at each other, and the driver quietly peeped to see what the pair were wheeling. He spied something there that touched still deeper his very kind heart. A rosy-cheeked, lovely child lay fast asleep in the derelict pram.

Riding to the Town

Meantime the conductor had been having a few words with the tramp.

"I say, Bill," he said to the driver in an undertone, "don't you think that at a pinch we could get the old pram on the front? This man looks about whacked. He says they've walked twenty miles today."

"Poor beggars!" said Bill. "Yes; let us try."

It was not easy, for tramcar fronts are not built for perambulators; but between them they got the wretched little vehicle on board, and the driver quietly wrapped his mackintosh cape round the torn hood to keep the draught off the sleeping child. The tramp and his wife got in, taking seats so that through the glass partition they could see the baby. As the tram went clanging along toward the town the driver

Ploughing the Fields



For ten thousand years or more man has been a ploughman, and science with all its wonders has not yet found any substitute for this work. Here we see an old worker of 70 ploughing a very straight furrow, the sight being a familiar one everywhere in the countryside, particularly at this time of the year, both at home and abroad

peeped under the mackintosh to see if his extra passenger were all right.

Presently he was hailed from the top of the car.

"I say, Bill," said the conductor, "I've given them their tickets, but it doesn't seem much, does it? Should I give them the eightpence and make it up to a bob?"

"Righto!" called Bill; "I will give you a tanner at the other end."

The tramcar clanged on, carrying the people to whom the loving-kindness of two good-hearted men had brought a little sunshine. Bill glanced from time to time at the sleeping child, and once looked at the parents. They, too, were watching the rosy face, and there were tears in their eyes. Bill felt another tug at his heart, and wished he could do more for them. There would be just such a rosy-cheeked little one to meet him when he got home; but God had been good, and life was easier for him than for these people on the road.

The tramcar was now in the busy streets, and the driver's full attention

was claimed by his work. At the terminus the conductor came round to help him lift the precious load down, and the tramp and his wife set off to find a lodging for the night.

But first the man had said, huskily: "Good-bye, lads, and God bless you! You have put fresh heart into me. I don't know how to thank you. I shall never forget your kindness."

The mother smiled at the two men. She could not trust herself to speak.

20 MILES OF STEEL ROPE

At present the biggest span of aerial cableway is in England, but the Nile country will soon have a larger one.

The English span is at Bradford water-works, and is over 2000 feet long; the new span will be 3000 feet, and will be used for the construction of the Nile dam at Nagh Hamadi, which is being carried out by a firm of Aberdeen engineers. It will carry a weight of 5000 tons, the supporting masts will be nearly 200 feet high, and over 20 miles of steel wire rope will be used.

THE AIRMAN SEEN NO MORE

DRAMATIC STORY FROM THE SEA

A Lost Plane and Its Last Adventure

THE MAN WHO DIVED AMONG SHARKS

This is the story of how a brave swimmer helped a brave flyer, far away from land where there was nothing but sky and sea.

When Paul Redfern had flown off from Brunswick, Georgia, in his monoplane, Port of Brunswick, in his attempt to reach Brazil nothing was heard of him for 27 hours. Then a broadcast message came from a ship far out at sea telling how he had been guided on his way. This was the last that was ever heard of him.

The ship was the Christian Krogh, from Norway. Her crew, which had heard nothing of Redfern's flight, saw him circling round them and realised that he was trying to signal. In quick succession two white cardboard boxes dropped from him to the sea, while the airman gesticulated wildly. A boat was lowered, but when the boxes were brought aboard they were saturated, and the messages were unreadable.

A Perilous Swim

When a third message was dropped a great Norseman, Nils Nodtevedt, said to his captain, "I can get that quicker than you can get it with a boat." The captain told him he was mad, for the sea was rough and the water was full of sharks, but Nils dived after the message.

He swam fast and strongly, but the sharks swam faster. Nils made a great splash to scare them. When he was hoisted aboard again the water was a frothing whirlpool of fins and tails.

This time the message could be plainly read. It said:

Point ship to nearest land. Wave flag or handkerchief for each hundred miles. Redfern. Thanks.

The Christian Krogh was pointed to the nearest land, the Venezuelan Coast, 156 miles away, and Captain Hamre waved a flag twice and blew two long blasts on his whistle.

The airman waved his thanks, shot away over the vessel's bows, and was seen no more.

SLOWER AND FARTHER

The Car on the Pedestal

Venezuela has hit on a realistic way of warning motorists of a danger spot.

At a point on the road between Caracas and La Guayra where many accidents have occurred a monument has been erected consisting of a wrecked motorcar mounted on a massive stone pedestal. On the pedestal is the inscription: "Who goes slowly goes farthest."

SCOTT'S OLD SHIP COMES HOME

ITS VISIT TO LEVIATHAN

Discovery's Voyage to Where Great Whales Go Sailing By

PUZZLES TO SOLVE

A poet sings of a mermaid's bay in which wonderful sights are seen and strange things occur:

*Where great whales come sailing by
Sail and sail with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye.*

But do great whales go sailing the seas the wide world over? Is Leviathan (as the Bible calls the whale) found everywhere? The famous Antarctic ship *Discovery*, dear to memory as once the floating home of Captain Scott, has been down South to make inquiries. She is home, after two years of steady research, with the question unanswered, but with the seeds of inquiry sown.

Labels For Whales

She has been down into Antarctic waters, hunting whales which she did not want to catch, labelling them. She has planted metal darts painlessly in the skin of such whales as she encountered. When the whales are caught the darts will be found, and the whale-hunters who find them will report to authorities on land where the catch was made. By that means we shall know how far the monsters have travelled.

Do they confine themselves to the million square miles of the Southern Ocean generally? Do they migrate from one part of the world to another? If so, what are their routes? The method employed is like that practised in the ringing of migratory birds and in the labelling of fish and other sea-creatures whose movements we are anxious to trace.

In Danger of Extermination

The seed is sown, the results are to come; and we shall then know better how to grapple with the danger to Southern whales, which are in as great peril of extermination as the whales of Northern waters. Already the New Zealand Government is calling for international action to put a stop to the merciless slaughter of whales.

The *Discovery* has brought home many new forms of sea life which have yet to be examined. One is a crab so spiny that it has been named *Prickly Peter*. Dr. Stanley Kemp was the director of research, and he will have some interesting things to show us in the form of huge shrimps which the whales habitually eat.

LAST STONE OF CHARLES LAMB'S SCHOOL

Famous London Building Disappears

LOST TO LONDON

When the City of London's famous Bluecoat School, Christ's Hospital, was removed to Horsham in Sussex to make room for the General Post Office one building was left standing, and was taken over by St. Bartholomew's Hospital to house its nurses.

Now this last remnant also has been demolished to make room for a new operating theatre and surgical wards to cost £200,000.

So the last local habitation of the school in which Charles Lamb learned to write and became the friend of Coleridge has disappeared.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Albula	Ahl-boo-lah
Bernina	Ber-ne-nah
Chaldean	Kal-de-ahn
Nanainio	Nah-ny-mo

THE LOST TIDE OF SUMMER

Why the Fishermen Missed It

ODD EVENT ON THE SANDS OF DEE

Had Mary gone to call the cattle home across the sands of Dee during the last gales with which October ushered out the tearful summer she might have had a long way to travel. The sands were six miles longer.

The westerly gale so long continuing had checked the tide and, more than that, had used its ebb to bank up the estuary one Sunday night with a formidable barrier of the Dee's shifting sands. The sandy estuary, twice a day filled and emptied by the Dee, stretches for thirteen miles.

The River's Little Joke

When the river came up on the Monday morning it stopped half-way at Heswell, its farther advance barred by the sandy barrier. That was astonishing. But the absence of the tide proved something more than a playful peculiarity to Parkgate, three miles farther up-stream. For the first time in history Parkgate had to go without its morning tide, and the fishermen had to go without their mussels.

The boats were all ready for the week's work, the fishermen came down to the quay—but there was never a wave in sight. The boats remained high and dry till the afternoon, when the wind had fallen and the Dee, having had its little joke, came up again to take the mussel fleet to sea.

LITTLE MOTHER OF LIVERPOOL

Children's Friend as Lord Mayor

Liverpool's Little Mother is the first woman to become Liverpool's Lord Mayor. She is Miss Margaret Beavan.

Miss Beavan has devoted herself to the welfare of the children of Liverpool since she left Liverpool University 26 years ago. She started the local Child Welfare Association in a small room in a back street rented at 4s. 6d. a week. Now the Association employs 200 voluntary workers and a big trained staff. It has helped 100,000 children and maintained 30,000 in special hospitals and convalescent homes.

Another memorial of her labours is the children's open-air hospital at Leasowe, costing £180,000, where 80 per cent of the cripples are cured. Holiday camps for the poor and holidays for tired mothers have been also organised by her.

The Little Mother of the Liverpool children is small and slight but full of abounding energy, and she is still well on the young side of 50. She was Liverpool's first woman magistrate. In the name of children everywhere the C.N. salutes her.

Miss Beavan is not, as has been stated, the first woman Lord Mayor. This distinction belongs to Miss Colman, who was Lord Mayor of Norwich three years ago.

THE BICYCLE BEFORE THE MAN

There are places in the depths of Africa, it seems, where the bicycle went before the white man.

A young Portuguese, Senhor Amma-den de Andrade Lima, has just crossed the continent on a bicycle from Loanda, in Portuguese West Africa, to Khartoum, following the course of the Congo from Stanley Pool to Stanleyville, and by Uganda to the Nile.

He was welcomed again and again by natives in the bush and forest, who proudly produced their machines of the same make, though many of them had never seen a white man before.

A RACE FOR LIFE FROM A ZOO

The Snake That Bit a Farmer

AND HOW HIS LIFE WAS SAVED

The story comes from Trenton, in New Jersey, of how two troopers and a policeman rode a relay race of a hundred miles with death, and won it.

The troopers rode motor-cycles and not horses. Horses could not have done the distance in the time.

Early one Sunday afternoon a farmer of Titusville, near Trenton, was bitten by a copperhead snake while walking in his garden. He was taken to a hospital, where the surgeon declared that only an injection of copperhead snake-bite serum could save his life, and that it must be given within six hours. The only place they knew of where the serum might be found was at the reptile house of the Bronx Zoo, a hundred miles away in New York.

The Race Won

The surgeon in charge called up Sergeant Haussling, in charge of the Trenton police headquarters, who declared that the thing could be done. The sergeant called up the head keeper at the Zoo reptile house, who said he had the serum. Then he organised the relay race.

A New York motor-cycle policeman carried the serum to the ferry and across to the New Jersey side. There a New Jersey State trooper received it half an hour after the call had been made, and dashed with it through the dense Sunday traffic, at the imminent risk of life and limb. At Metuchen another State trooper awaited him, and carried the precious phial on to Trenton, where it arrived four hours after the snake had taken its bite. An hour and a half later it was announced that the farmer had every prospect of recovery.

AN OLD LADY AND HER FORTUNE

Millions For Her People

THE VEILED BEGUM OF BHOPAL

There is a great little lady in India whom people call the Queen Victoria of that land.

We heard something of her last year when she came to London to persuade the Government to agree to a change in the succession to the sovereignty of her country, Bhopal. In the ordinary course the young children of her dead son would have succeeded, but she thought her younger son would make a better ruler, and the Government granted her request. She abdicated in her son's favour, and he is now the ruling Nawab, though she is still called by courtesy the Begum.

And now this remarkable old lady has given the whole of her private fortune, said to be more than ten million pounds, to organise a campaign throughout India to convert the people to Mohammedanism, and she means to devote the rest of her life to that cause.

The Begum, who is 70 years old and is always closely veiled when she appears in public, is greatly distressed by the strife existing between various sections of the people in India, and has issued a pathetic appeal for friendliness and peace. She has already spent great sums on the education and doctoring of her people, notably on hospitals and dispensaries for women. Bhopal is a State about the size of Wales, with a population of 700,000.

ONE OF LIFE'S THINKERS PASSES ON

A FAMOUS SCIENTIST AND WHAT HE THOUGHT

Is the Germ of Life for Ever Floating in the Realms of Space?

SVANTE ARRHENIUS AND HIS WORK

A great man has died in Svante Arrhenius, the Swedish chemist, who was the first to show through the study of solids, when they dissolve in liquids (as sugar or salt dissolves in water), the part which electricity plays in bringing this about.

Faraday long before had shown how electric currents would split up some liquids, and he coined the familiar word electrolysis for the action. Arrhenius, following the inquiries of many others, notably those of the famous Dutchman Van't Hoff, framed the laws which accompany this action of splitting up, and paved the way for an understanding of how substances join one another chemically.

A Mystery Unexplained

The work of Arrhenius forms one of the foundations of the electro-chemistry which runs through all chemical inquiry today. Not only did it go far to explain why, for electric reasons, some substances dissolve more readily than others, but it led to a closer understanding of the behaviour of the corpuscles of our blood and the cells of which our nerves and muscles are composed.

That was his great contribution to science, but, though he showed how the actions of living things are bound up with chemical and electrical causes, he kept to the last a firm belief that Life itself is a distinct thing, a mystery not to be explained in any such way, but a Power that permeates the Universe.

He was not to be persuaded that any chemical or electric action could create Life by chance. He looked on it as something which is of separate creation, and may exist, and probably does exist, in many places among the distant stars. Life, he thought, need not necessarily have been first created on the Earth; he believed the germ of it was for ever floating through the realms of space, seeking a foothold, such as on the Earth it found and on the Earth developed.

THINGS SAID

There never will be a uniformity of taste. *Sir Edmund Gosse*

Christianity is not a sop. It is dynamite. *Bishop of Woolwich*

Dust has been called the aeroplane of the microbe. *Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter*

Englishmen will grouse in the pavilion, but in the field they play the game. *Sir Henry Rew*

We have too much corporate life now. The world is afraid of being alone. *Miss Faithfull*

We must get rid of the notion that it is wrong to go to chapel. *President of Church Congress*

Christianity is the source of the highest inspiration in art. *Mr. Jacob Epstein*

Though Nature refuses to be hurried, she yields up her secrets one by one. *Professor Ainsworth Davis*

I was converted to the League of Nations through the C.N., and hope to spend my life in preaching its gospel. *A speaker at a meeting*

Few realise that middle life falls not at 50, but for most of us nearly 20 years earlier. *Dr. R. W. MacKenna*

A PAINTER AND THE HEROES

GREAT MEN AND SMALLER MEN

The Fresco in Lincoln's Inn and the Tablets in St. Botolph's
HEROES OF EVERY DAY

By a coincidence the public has just been reminded of two very different works by George Frederick Watts, the famous painter.

One of these is his fresco of Justice in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and the other is the memorial he raised to heroic deeds in the cloister adjoining St. Botolph's Church, Aldersgate. On the outside the cloister is inscribed with these words: "In commemoration of heroic self-sacrifice," and on the walls are 49 tablets recording gallant deeds. The first is in honour of a pantomime artist, and the last is dedicated to a policeman. The dates range from 1863 to 1917.

An Appeal to the Public

Why should they end there? Deeds of heroism go on, and the C.N. records them every week. There is plenty of room in the cloister; there are plenty of heroes who deserve a tablet; and there are plenty of people who would love to see the great painter's work extended.

Unhappily the funds are exhausted. The vicar and churchwardens are going to discuss the matter at a vestry meeting next Easter, and the result will probably be an appeal to the public.

Meanwhile a useful sum could be raised if every lover of courage in London visited St. Botolph's, read the tablets, and left behind the price of a cheap seat in a picture palace. If people will pay to see deeds of sham courage performed by actors surely they will pay to read of deeds done by real heroes.

Art's Noblest Form

Mr. Watts, who loved bravery so much that he made this memorial to it, was an idealist who was always ready to sacrifice himself in a good cause. The fresco in Lincoln's Inn Hall is another proof of this. He believed that the noblest form of art is fresco painting, the painting of pictures on wet wall surfaces. English people at home have had practically no opportunity of studying this form of art, so Watts offered to paint a fresco at Lincoln's Inn for nothing.

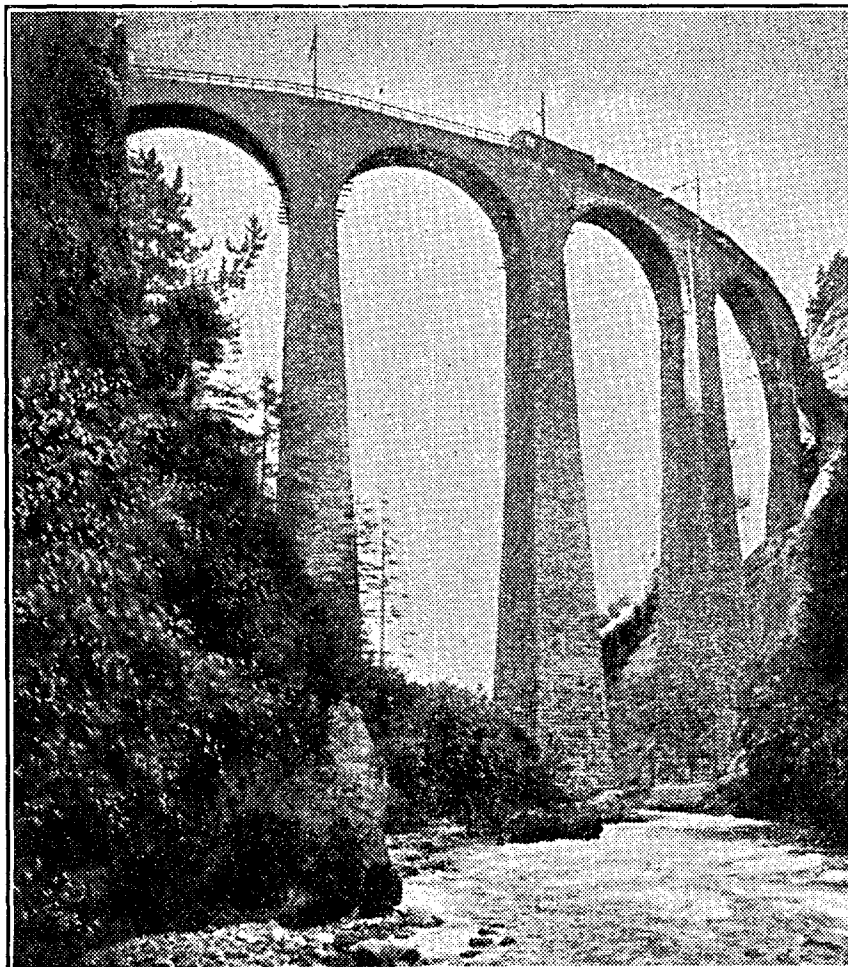
The subject he chose was Justice, and his fresco shows all the great lawgivers of the world from Moses downward. Many famous men sat for the characters, of whom no contemporary portraits exist; for instance, Ina is Holman Hunt, Justinian is Sir William Vernon Harcourt, and Minos, who was a lawgiver in Crete about 1400 B.C., is represented by Tennyson.

The Fresco of Justice

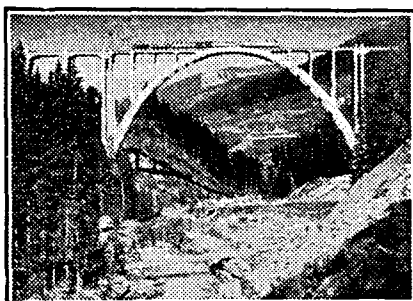
The fresco took seven years to paint, and when it was finished the grateful lawyers asked Watts to accept a purse of £500. In order to give English people more opportunities of studying fresco work Watts then offered to paint one in the great hall at Euston Station. He did not ask any money for this in spite of his fame, but he asked the railway company to pay for the materials and models, and they refused! So he painted a fresco in the Church of St. James the Less near Vauxhall Bridge and the Tate Gallery instead.

London grime has dimmed the fresco of Justice, and now it is being cleaned. It is good to know that this is being done successfully because many people think that Justice is perhaps the painter's masterpiece, and that was his own opinion.

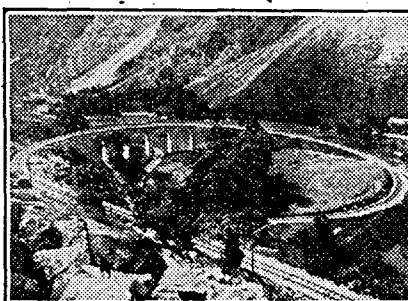
BRIDGING THE ALPS



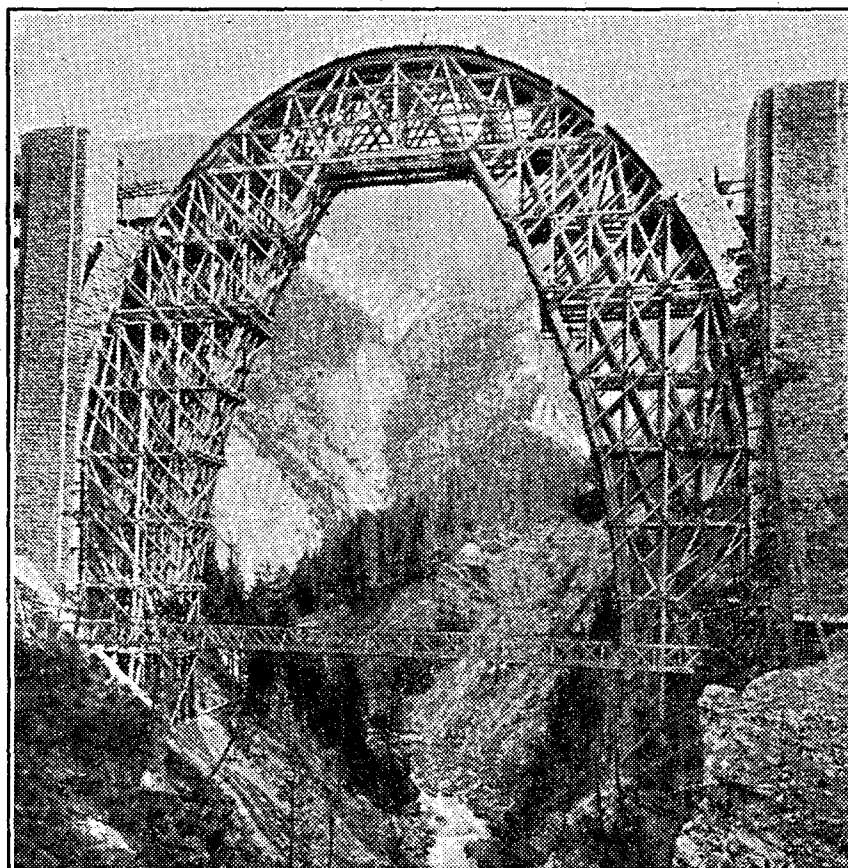
A viaduct in the Albula Pass



A graceful bridge over a mountain torrent



A spiral loop of the Bernina Railway



Building a viaduct over a deep gorge

Most of the Swiss railways have now been electrified, but the work of extending them still goes on, for the nature of the country makes progress slow. These pictures show some of the great viaducts which are being built to carry the trains over valleys and gorges, and, as can be seen, these do not mar the scenery, but rather add to its impressiveness.

IS THE HORSE STUPID?

A WIRELESS TALKER'S OPINION

The Result of Training an Animal to be a Machine

A WITNESS FROM LOOS

A voice sounded over the wireless the other day summarily denouncing the horse as the blockhead of all our domestic animals.

A learned book which has just come out, which probably inspired the wireless man, adopts the same attitude. Are we all wrong, then, in admiring horses as creatures of intelligence in addition to their other good qualities?

The horse has been so long subject to man that no history is ancient enough to record the beginning of the great alliance. Throughout that period the horse has been improved by the selection of the fittest, not in intelligence, but in strength, speed, endurance, and obedience. It has never been allowed to develop its brains, for if it had done so it might have objected to work for a master; or, consenting to work on its own terms, it would have had its private opinion as to how work should be done, where a horse should go, at what pace, and for how long. That would possibly have meant death to man and his civilisation as well.

A Wonderful Memory

The horse has a good natural brain, it has a wonderful memory, it has affection, it is capable of touching self-sacrifice, it can do clever things without instruction. But we are told that it shies, and is given to panic. Well, human beings start as foolishly at shadows as a horse at a heap of stones, and they are given to panic of the most calamitous type with little or no excuse.

If a strap or rein break the horse may give such a plunge of terror as to rid him of half his harness; but the thing that has terrified is of an unknown nature to him, for we put blinkers over the horse's eyes and he sees only what is just in front.

The Prince's Terrier

He forgets old friends, we are told, but not all horses forget either friends or enemies. Even the highly-intelligent dog sometimes forgets. The Prince of Wales had a terrier which he left in the keeping of a friend when he went abroad, and upon his return, seven months later, the dog had forgotten him, refused to make friends with him, and sulked and fretted to such a degree that it had to be given away.

What better example of devotion could we have than this of the terrible fighting round Loos in 1916? Men of a Guards regiment noticed a horse standing between the firing lines, the picture of woe. For two days and nights the poor creature remained there; then some of the men crawled out from the trenches into No Man's Land, and discovered that the horse was standing over its dead master!

More Than Horse Sense

Nothing they could do could persuade the horse to stir from its sad vigil, so the men crawled back to their trench. Later other troopers went out and blindfolded it, and only then the faithful animal consented to be led away from the man it had so pathetically loved.

Our own belief is that horses have more than what we call horse sense. With freedom and understanding on the part of their owners they are almost as intelligent, faithful, and lovable as our friend and housemate the dog.

ARTHUR MEE'S NEW BOOK

EVERLASTING THINGS
What Men Will Read and
Look at in a Thousand Years

A BOLD CLAIM

ARTHUR MEE'S BOOK OF EVERLASTING THINGS. With 78 Masterpieces by great artists. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

Every reader of Arthur Mee's Thousand Beautiful Things, the book into which he poured some of the choicest treasures of his reading, must have felt that more treasures of a like kind were bound to come.

The Beautiful Things were indeed beautiful, but they were beautiful miniatures. Now Mr. Mee gives himself the room needed by longer, though still brief, masterpieces of literature. In many instances the things he loves have endured the wear of long ages; and for others less old he foretells that they will charm the minds of men after a thousand years have passed. When we pick up this book, he says, we may be living something of the intellectual life of men and women in a thousand years.

After 1000 Years

It is a bold claim. We can only judge it by the power of these selections over our own minds, and by a comparison of the effect on us of those which already have endured with the effect on us of those which have yet to bear the wasting influences of time and change. What could be better worth our while, intellectually, than to range with open mind and heart through the great array of thought and feeling collected in this book from 3000 years, and to wonder honestly how much of it will have its present vitality when another thousand years have gone?

And first it will be well (nay, it is almost imperative) that we should read Mr. Mee's impressive Introduction. It reveals very intimately the spirit in which he has surveyed his favourite reading and has offered its best to us.

The Best Thought of Mankind

He sees that what thrilled men's souls in the long past thrills them still, and he assumes (why not?) that if it is lofty enough, beautiful enough, and true enough it will thrill them always. Great and true literature is all of one piece, and is for all time. As you pass the vestibule of the book he takes you into his confidence, and gives you the clue for understanding his aim.

The range of outlook in mirroring the best thought of mankind is comprehensive. It glances through all time and many lands. It is tolerant of wide varieties of thought and belief. It represents pagan stoicism and Christian faith. It has the full breadth of humanity. Naturally most prominence is given to English literature. Indeed in that province it aims at sampling all writers for whom lasting fame may be expected with confidence.

A Noble Company

The illustrations in this most beautiful volume are admirable. There are examples of the highest kind of art, and the range of choice of pictures in gravure is very wide through time and over nationality.

What a company one may enter through such a book as this! As Ruskin said of the great fellowship that awaits us in books, it is a society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and mighty of every place and of all time.

Fortunate are they who make their entry into the paradise of books in the company of such an enthusiastic guide as Mr. Mee, who must have lived intensely through every hour he has spent on this fascinating volume. JOHN DERRY

TE PUNI

THE LAST OF HIS RACE

New Zealand Loses a Link with
the Past

MAORI CHIEF'S STORY

An important link with the beginnings of New Zealand has just been severed by death.

Wellington and its harbour owe their foundation to two men, Colonel William Wakefield, the first successful settler of whites in New Zealand, and the Maori Chief, Honeana Te Puni, who sold him the land. Now Honeana's grandson, of the same name, the last chief of the Te Puni tribe, has died. He may, indeed, also be regarded as the last of his tribe, for the rest have so married with immigrant families as to look like Europeans.

Thirteen years before Colonel Wakefield's coming the original New Zealand Company sent a band of emigrants, who landed at a spot south of Auckland, but the ferocious attitude of the Maoris sent them aboard again. A similar attempt by the same party a year after ended in like manner, owing to the terrifying effect of a war dance of two thousand armed natives, although land had actually been purchased from the Chiefs; and the expedition was broken up at Sydney.

Native Warfare

Colonel Wakefield's better fortune was due to the friendly reception by the Chiefs of the Te Puni tribe. In those days New Zealand was seething with native warfare, and the Te Punis held the land by right of very recent conquest. No doubt they were as glad to have the white men as allies as the white men were to have them.

That was 88 years ago, and the alliance has continued since. When the Great White Queen, with whom his grandfather had entered into a treaty so many years before, celebrated her diamond jubilee the grandson was one of the group of distinguished Maori Chiefs who were present, and the Queen received him and shook hands with him. In his youth he was a magnificent Rugby football player, and a good oarsman.

SCHOOL TWINS

More and More

Our recent mention of groups of twins, chiefly in infant schools, has brought photographs of several more instances in which the five pairs of twins first mentioned are equalled or exceeded in one school.

In the Infant School of Ton Pentre in the Rhondda Valley there are five sets of twins, and the headmistress makes some interesting remarks on what happened when she "snapped" them, for they show pleasingly the relation between the teachers and their scholars and the teachers' individual observation of the little folks.

She says: "The two boys in the chairs had only entered the school that week and were somewhat afraid of the camera. The little boy is looking pitifully toward his teacher. The two little tots in front are looking almost with disgust at the two crying ones."

Another group of five pairs is from Moor Council School, Sunderland. There are four classes in the school, and three of the pairs of twins are in one of the classes. The teacher distinguishes them by the position in which they sit in the class. The headmistress says: "The mothers tell me there are two more pairs of twins almost ready for school."

But when the Sunderland school has its additional two pairs it will only tie with Silver Street Council School, Warrington, which already has seven pairs of twins, spread over a greater range of age. Pictures on page 12

AN ELEPHANT AND HER SON

Black Diamond and
New-Laid Egg

THE WALK TO THE ZOO

The newest inmates of the Elephant House at the Zoo, a large Burmese elephant and her baby son, are determined to be popular.

As soon as they arrived at the menagerie, after walking from Tilbury Docks, they held out their trunks and begged for buns. These two animals were landed at Tilbury in the small hours of the morning and were marched along deserted roads until Barking was reached, and the streets began to show signs of activity.

A halt was then called, and the elephants were housed in a barn until early the following morning, when the walk was continued. Both animals behaved perfectly during their long walk.

In Burma the mother elephant was known as Say-Neh (Black Diamond), but her name has been changed to Burma, while the calf is now called Jerry, although in his own country he answered to Dau (New-Laid Egg).

Baby Elephant's Rations

Jerry is an attractive little creature, and next his mother he looks more like a very large toy than a live elephant. Unlike the baby African elephant, whose ears are so big that they are out of all proportion to the rest of his body, Jerry has normal-sized ears, but his body is covered with reddish hair, which he will lose as he grows up. He has cut his milk teeth, and can now eat the same food as other elephants, but Burma keeps a stern eye on her son's rations, and sees that he does not over-eat.

A mahout is in attendance on the new elephants, because both are to be trained to carry visitors round the Gardens; but at present Burma and Jerry are exercised together in the menagerie grounds without having to carry passengers. The baby will not be old enough to work for some time, but Burma was trained to carry before the birth of her calf, and although she has not worked for her living since Jerry was born it will not be difficult to get her into good ways again. She is a gentle creature, and should become a great favourite. Pictures on page 7

NEW MOVE IN SPAIN

A National Assembly
BODY WITHOUT POWER
OR AUTHORITY

After four years of absolute rule the Spanish Dictator, General Primo de Rivera, has called a National Assembly to his aid.

The former Parliament, called the Cortes, which the Dictator abolished, is not to be revived. There is to be a Legislature of some sort some day, we are told, but this Assembly will not be one. In the first place it will not legislate, but will only offer advice, which the Dictator will accept or reject at his pleasure; and, in the second place, it is not elected in the ordinary sense of the word.

The Assembly, indeed, is assembled by a number of different methods. To begin with, the Government will appoint a number of official members, including the heads of the Army, the Navy, the Church, the banks, the chief Departments of State, the heads of the nobility, and the principal officials of Madrid and Barcelona. Then the municipalities and provinces throughout Spain are also to be represented.

The Assembly is to examine and report on the Budget and any other laws introduced by the Government, and may even suggest laws on its own account; but the Government alone is to decide what measures shall become law and in what form.

UP KILIMANJARO

The Perilous Journey to the
Peaks of Eternal Snow

CARRYING A HUSBAND

As C.N. readers know, the highest mountain in Africa, Kilimanjaro, in Tanganyika, has this summer been scaled by a woman, Miss Sheila MacDonald. Some thrilling particulars of the feat have reached us.

Though Kilimanjaro is less than 200 miles from the Equator, both its peaks, Kibo, 19,720 feet high, and Mawenzi, some 2000 feet lower, are wrapped in eternal snows. Miss MacDonald, though only 22, has ten years' experience of active mountaineering. Her two men companions were both experienced climbers, but she set the pace for the party.

Natural Rock Staircase

They scaled first the lower peak and then the higher. At one place they found a natural rock staircase, two feet wide, rising several hundred feet with only occasional breaks. At another they had to ascend a rock wall by a crevice, up which the leader of the party had first to climb and then pull the others up by ropes.

For the last day of the climb they started soon after midnight, but almost immediately their lantern went out and could not be rekindled. There was no Moon, and they had to wait for dawn. Within a thousand feet of the summit one of the party was overcome by exhaustion and had to give up. Miss MacDonald begged to be allowed to complete the climb, and her other companion went with her, she still setting the pace.

A record book, which they duly signed, reposed on the summit, and they found from it that a German missionary had been there a fortnight before!

It was ten o'clock at night before they got back to the highest of the sleeping huts.

Other Women Climbers

It was said at first that Miss MacDonald was the first woman to climb Kilimanjaro, but it proves that there were at least two other women before her. Last year the peak was climbed by Miss Eva Stuart Watt, who lives at Marangu, on the lower slopes of the mountain, with her widowed mother, for over 40 years a missionary.

A year earlier the climb was made by Mrs. Lathom, of the Tanganyika Agricultural Department, with her husband, whom she carried the last few yards of the way because he had fainted owing to the rarity of the air.

G.O.M. OF CANADA'S SENATE

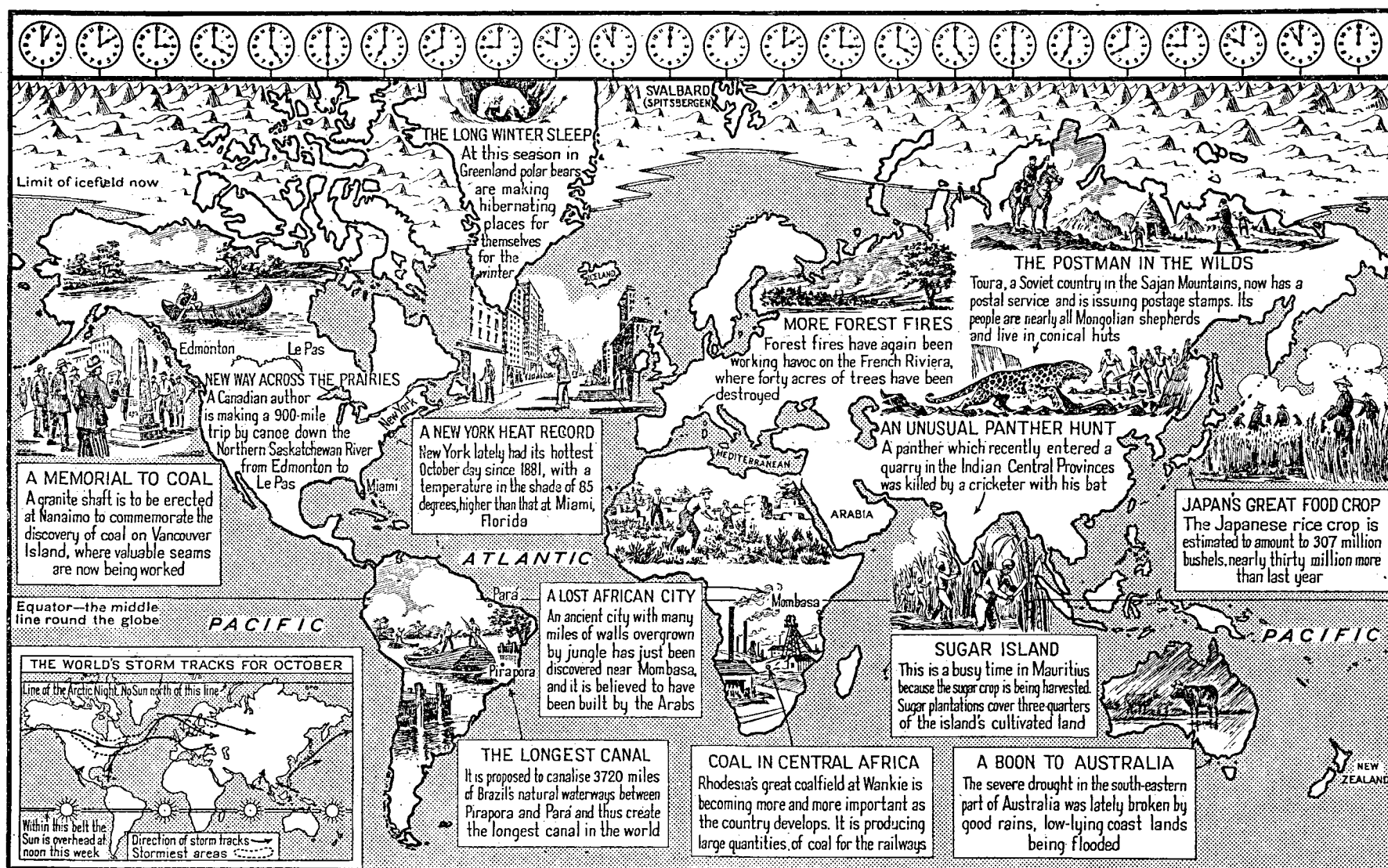
The World's Oldest Legislator

The Canadian Senate claims that it has the world's oldest legislator.

He is Senator George Casimir Dessaulles, of St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, the Grand Old Man of the Canadian Parliament. At 31 he became a city councillor of St. Hyacinthe, and was later its Mayor for 25 years. At 70 he was elected for his county to the Quebec Legislature. At 80 he was appointed to the Senate, of which he has remained an active member for 20 years, for he has just celebrated his hundredth birthday.

He still has a firm step and an upright carriage. His only trouble is an increasing deafness, but it has been claimed that that is not without its advantages where members of legislative bodies are concerned.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THINKING OF OTHERS

The Gospel of Unselfishness

THE GIRL AT THE SIGNALS
AND THE MEN ON THE LORRY

Unselfish courage, putting the welfare of others before our own safety or our personal grief, is one of the most beautiful things in life.

The French Government has awarded a bronze medal to Renée Chassenotte for the singularly noble action we described last week in the story of how she carried on her father's work at the signals after her father was dead.

Is it not wonderful to think of the great trains thundering through the night while no one guessed that the safety of the railway service hung upon a child who had just received a shock of the most appalling kind imaginable?

In the same spirit of unselfishness Drivers Norman and Burke stuck to their posts when a 12-ton lorry broke into flames near Leeds the other day. They were descending a steep hill with a heavy load, and Driver Norman decided that it would not be safe to stop till the lorry reached the level. So he drove on while Driver Burke tried to smother the flames with a cushion. It was in vain, and soon the men's oil-stained clothing caught fire. Then Burke jumped out and shouted to Norman to do the same, but, fearing that the masterless lorry would cause an accident, Norman refused to leave it until it had turned over.

As Burke was taken to hospital, suffering terribly from burns and a crushed foot, he had only one request to make, and that was that his wife should not be told. He wanted her to think his employers had sent him a long journey so that she should not worry.

A MILLBOY'S JUMP FROM
STARVATION

Orlando Greenwood's Pictures

Londoners have been seeing an exhibition of pictures with a remarkable history attached to them.

The pictures are the work of a Lancashire artist, Mr. Orlando Greenwood. Mr. Greenwood began life at 12 as a millhand, work at which he continued till he was 21, though devoting all his spare time to painting. Then he came up to London, and managed to keep himself while studying at a County Council art school.

After serving in the war he took a small studio at Bromley. His pictures sold sometimes for £2, sometimes for a few shillings, sometimes not at all. For days at a time he had no money to buy food, and because he could not afford to pay a model he had to paint himself with the aid of a looking-glass.

Then, three years ago, he held an exhibition of his pictures in London. In a few days thirty of them were sold for £2500 and he was overwhelmed with commissions for portraits, dukes and earls competing for their turn!

THE TIN FROM THE
CLOUDS

What Ever is Going to Happen?

In one of the most densely populated parts of Nottingham the other day a tin of petrol fell from an aeroplane, crashing through the roof of a house into a bedroom. There it burst, splashing its contents on the walls. Happily the house was untenanted, but the incoming tenant was at work in the basement, and, hearing the crash and smelling the petrol, he telephoned for the fire brigade.

No doubt the dropping of the tin was accidental, but it points to alarming possibilities. What ever is going to happen? The only thing it is permissible by law to drop from aircraft is ballast of fine sand or water.

KING ALBERT AND JOHN
COCKERILL

Founder of a Town

King Albert and the Prime Minister of Belgium, M. Jaspar, attended a strange sort of birthday party the other day.

In 1817 an Englishman named John Cockerill came to Seraing, which was then a village of 600 people. He founded a business there, and made Seraing's fortune. Today the firm owns collieries and iron mines, and employs 11,000 men.

The famous lion which is the British Memorial at Waterloo was cast at the Cockerill works long ago.

When the firm's centenary came it could not celebrate it because the Germans were in occupation of Seraing, but to make up for this the King and Premier promised to come to its 110th birthday party.

The King made a speech, in which he paid high tribute to the Englishman who founded this great firm, and reminded Belgium that it was a monument to the courage and energy of one man. He spoke of the important part it had played in Belgian prosperity, and speeches in the same vein were made by the Premier and by the Socialist Burgomaster of Seraing.

There was a fine banquet for 1100 people to finish the day.

THE NOISY STREET
NUISANCE

Other Towns Please Copy

West Ham has secured the consent of the Home Office to a new by-law making it an offence to cause annoyance to neighbours by the operation of a loud-speaker or a gramophone in public.

Many shops use loud-speakers to attract custom, and so add to the pandemonium of a busy street. By the new by-law this may be stopped at the instance of an aggrieved neighbour under a penalty of £5.

A GOOD MAN'S WORK
IS OVER

20 Years With Old Papers

A LAWYER'S NOTES OF
LONG AGO

Imagine an account of a lawsuit written by hand in the dead Anglo-Norman language, with many puzzling abbreviations. What a dreary task it would be to disentangle the meaning of that crabbed old manuscript 600 years after it was written!

Yet Dr. William Bolland, who has just finished his work in this world, devoted nearly twenty years of his life to this irksome but important business.

The manuscripts he edited were accounts of lawsuits written down for their own information by lawyers who were called apprentices. But soon the value of such records was seen, and they were collected and used by lawyers of every rank. They are still more precious today, of course, for they teach us other things besides law. From them we learn what life was like in the long ago, how much things cost, what the customs were, and the relations existing between king and commoners, fathers and children, employers and servants.

In 1800 the House of Commons directed that the Year Books, as these collections were called, from the reign of Edward the First to that of Henry the Eighth, should be printed, but hardly anything was done until the task was taken over by the Selden Society. The late Dr. Bolland was one of those who edited the medieval manuscripts published by the Society. He brought great patience and knowledge to the work, and made at least one discovery of importance to students of ancient law.

Writers of history will grieve for his loss, and wonder who can replace him.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 22 1927

The Beast in the Beautiful Countryside

A GREAT step forward has been taken for the preservation of the countryside from the hand of the spoiler.

One of the spoilers has been an important firm which has everything to gain by keeping the country beautiful—the Shell Petrol Company. It is now, in its penitence, setting out on a noble task, nothing less than the removal of all its ugly enamel signs throughout the land. Everybody will be pleased.

But may we beg the Shell Company to go yet a step farther and save us from one of the worst offences against this beautiful land? We are thinking of that atrocity called the Petrol Pump.

Where beneath a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stood the Petrol Pump has taken its stand with all its grinning ugliness. It is a thing almost past praying for. It started life badly, like the gas-fire stove, and while the public got used to it and supposed that petrol pumps had to be hideous, its owners and designers thought it unnecessary to improve it.

Yet there is no reason why it should be such an emblem of frightfulness. The old village pump had its beauty. Some of the vessels and wells for holding water have inspired craftsmen and sculptors to triumphs of art. We do not expect our Academicians to draw petrol pumps or sculpture oil cans, but if a progressive petrol company were to engage Sir Edwin Lutyens to design a standard oil machine, as the C.N. suggested long ago, the countryside would be the richer. Some future Sir Joshua or some future Millais might draw a motor pulling up by the oil-fountain to drink.

It is bound to come. Advertisers everywhere are realising that there is money in beauty. We hope the long-continued efforts to persuade thoughtless people not to make the countryside ugly by spreading litter in it will lead the same people to insist that everyone, whether they are petrol pumpers or pill-makers, shall keep it as beautiful as can be.

Except the United States of America England is the largest litterer in the world. It is because we have so much paper to spare, and are wasteful of such trifles as cardboard and bottles.

In Australia the children are taught in schools to keep their parks and open spaces tidy. In England we might also begin there instead of leaving it to the Boy Scouts. Sir Robert Baden-Powell has earned fame by teaching our boys what they should have learned at school, and the schools might well follow his lead by teaching boys to keep their country beautiful.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Brutal Thing

By the Dean of Chester

WE have moved during the last generation into a much gentler world. It seems almost incredible that barely a hundred years ago a mother was hanged for stealing food for her child.

We have seen children given protection against ruthless parents, and animals given protection against their owners. I hope to see the hunting of animals entirely disappear as a horrible and brutal thing.

The Roll Call of Nations

EVERYBODY must have noticed the fine gesture of the League against War, and we have been asked to explain what it means.

At first it was hoped that this declaration, drawn up by Poland, would be a denunciation of all war, a determination to banish it for ever from the world, but countries are not ready for such a brave step, and the word *aggressive* was put in the place of *all*. The League has outlawed all aggressive war.

The declaration was made because there are many who think it will tend to create an atmosphere of general confidence in which the work of disarmament can go forward.

To give full weight and solemnity to the declaration the unusual step was taken of calling the roll, in order that every country present should make its answer to the solemn words:

We declare that all wars of aggression are, and shall always be, prohibited.

It was a wonderful moment in the history of the League when that declaration was read out from the tribune and every country, answering to its name, agreed to abide by it.

Optimists all will be the verdict of cynics. Yes, optimists; when the last cynic is dust on the rubbish heap the optimist will be ruling the world.

Cast It Out

WE appeal to all our people, and to every one of them, to cast out for ever the spirit of rancour and animosity wherever it has found a lodgment, the spirit of hatred and vengeance that has been the bane of Ireland through the centuries, and put in its place the spirit of forbearance and conciliation, of goodwill and brotherly love, that alone can make the nation great.

From a pastoral read in all the Roman Catholic Churches in Ireland

Two and One

Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise.

Sung at the Cenotaph
by Americans and British

Bosh

LET knowledge spread from more to more, cried Tennyson. We may hope it will some day spread to Fleet Street.

One of the evening gossip writers there is troubled because it is being said in America that a Viking named Leif Ericson discovered America in the year 1000, a statement which, our gossipier tells us, is based on a lot of Nordic bosh.

Will the readers of his evening paper believe, we wonder, that this bosh is known everywhere outside Shoe Lane as the absolute Fact of History?

Tip-Cat

A WEDDING has taken place in an aeroplane. The couple were quite taken up with each other.

AN important key industry is reported to be in a bad way. Must have slipped into a keyhole.

To a correspondent: We do not know if people who go to Peckham eat anything else.

PEOPLE should be ashamed, writes a scientist, to have flies about their houses. Long-distance flights are more creditable.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If Down Street is up in Piccadilly

where motor-cyclists do not shriek. We can strongly recommend the North Pole.

BEWARE of the man you forget, says Mr. Chesterton. How can you if you don't remember him?

A BURGLAR who rifled a Chelsea flat took a bath before leaving. Felt he had been doing dirty work.

Jack the Giant Killer

FOR Heaven's sake let each of us do his best against war. Do not palter with peace.

We have been told that peace must come gradually, as an acorn grows into an oak. But an oak takes a hundred years to reach maturity. I prefer the old tale of Jack the Giant Killer, who planted a bean and spifflicated the giant with his own hand, not with that of his great grandson.

If every nation wants all the time to prepare for peace by being all the time ready for war, why, then, you boys are for it again, which may God forbid.

Sir Ian Hamilton to
Glasgow High School Boys

The First Song

By Our Country Girl

OF all the songs that ever were sung
When Time was new and the stars were young
And the world began to be,
An older song than the oldest hill;
The oldest song and the greatest still,
Is the music of the sea.

THE first of dawns that our planet knew
Was bright as gold and as still as dew,
And the sea beneath made moan;
But never a reed or palm leaf stirred
And never a voice or wing was heard,
For the sea dwelled all alone.

UNCOUNTLESS singers have made since then
The songs of jungles, the songs of men,
And the songs of grass and tree;
But still most magical, still more grand
Than any music of air and land,
Is the song God gave the sea.

A Good Turn

MR. J. A. SPENDER, the great journalist, has just written one of the best books of our time. In it he tells how when he was a boy his brother and he used to tramp the country during their Easter holidays.

Five pounds was the allowance made to each of them, and with this they set out, not being expected back in Bath till the holidays were over. They made the money go as far as possible; sometimes they stayed in labourers' cottages, and now and then in a lodging-house. But at times their supplies were very low.

On one such day the boys met with an artist who knew what boys are like. They told him they were accustomed to wait till the end of their tramp before they had a meal. He only laughed, and carried them off to his hotel, where he ordered a good square meal for them.

An Unknown Artist

Finding that one of the boys had a sketch-book, he gave him a lesson in drawing, and on leaving put five shillings into his hand. Who the artist was the great journalist does not know to this day, but he has not forgotten the good turn he did to two boys tramping their way in the West Country, and in his memories of childhood he does honour to this unknown man.

One of the things that interests us in Mr. Spender's book is that he was once told by a London editor that he was not good enough for his paper. It interests us because that is exactly what Mr. Spender told us, long before we had begun dreaming of the C.N.

The Prayer of the House

Give this house, O traveller, pray,
A blessing as you pass this way;
And if you've time, I beg your pardon,
While you're at it bless the garden.

October 22, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

WHAT OF THE WINTER?

ARE RED BERRIES WEATHERWISE?

The Old, Old Story of the Prophets of Bad Times to Come

NOBODY KNOWS

As if we had not had a sufficiently dismal summer people are writing to the papers predicting a severe winter!

They do so every year. In certain districts berries are plentiful on hawthorn and holly, on ivy, dogwood, and spindleberry; therefore such people say here is evidence that Nature has spread betimes a lavish banquet for her wild children against exceptionally hard days to come.

There is no truth in this idea. These berries and other fruits are only part of the common harvest of the year, returning their increase in the same way as walnuts and filberts, chestnuts and acorns. They are not portents of the future; they are a seal upon the past.

Where Scientists Fail

Any child who studies trees and shrubs knows that the fruit of today is the result of last year's preparation, not a signal hung out to indicate what is to happen in the future. There is nothing as yet known to man by which he can predict what sort of winter we are to have, what sort of spring, what sort of summer or autumn. Scientists engaged all their days in studying meteorology frankly tell us that they cannot forecast the coming weather for even a few days ahead, to say nothing of a whole season in advance.

We should probably have to seek for information, not in an English garden or hedgerow, but up toward the North Pole, to ascertain how much ice is there from time to time. Even then we could not foresee the weather which would prevail there, whether it would be hot in early spring and set free vast quantities of ice to float down into the Atlantic and chill the air currents, that would arrive cold and damp and turn to rain on reaching our misty shores.

A Scanty Harvest

If Nature were so benevolent as to provide specially bounteous crops of berries as rations for specially hard winters then she would be equally generous in furnishing the rest of Northern creation with generous stores of corn, hay, clover, turnips, potatoes, carrots, and all the hundred and one things on which man and beast are fed. But she does not do it.

We have had one of the worst summers on record and one of the scantiest harvests, yet because here and there a berry glows red in the hedges superstitious people write that we must have a cold and hideous winter.

Floods and Droughts

It is absurd. No one in the world could have foretold that, while the United States and Great Britain were to experience terrible floods during 1927 the South of France and parts of Australia would be suffering from deadly drought. Canada, thanks to scientific research in the Motherland, which has given her a wheat ripening a week earlier than all previous wheats, gains from it thirty million pounds a year more than the wealth derived from all the world's gold mines. Would she not pay a fortune to learn what sort of winter we are to have and how long it will last, that she might be ready to sow next year's grain at exactly the right moment?

We hear the same old story every year—always a tale of a bitter winter ahead—yet we have had a series of extremely mild winters, in spite of all the prophets. We may have a severe winter now, but we must not look to the fruit of copse and hedgerow as proof of what is yet to be. Nobody knows.

THE DRUM THAT REACHED THE HEART

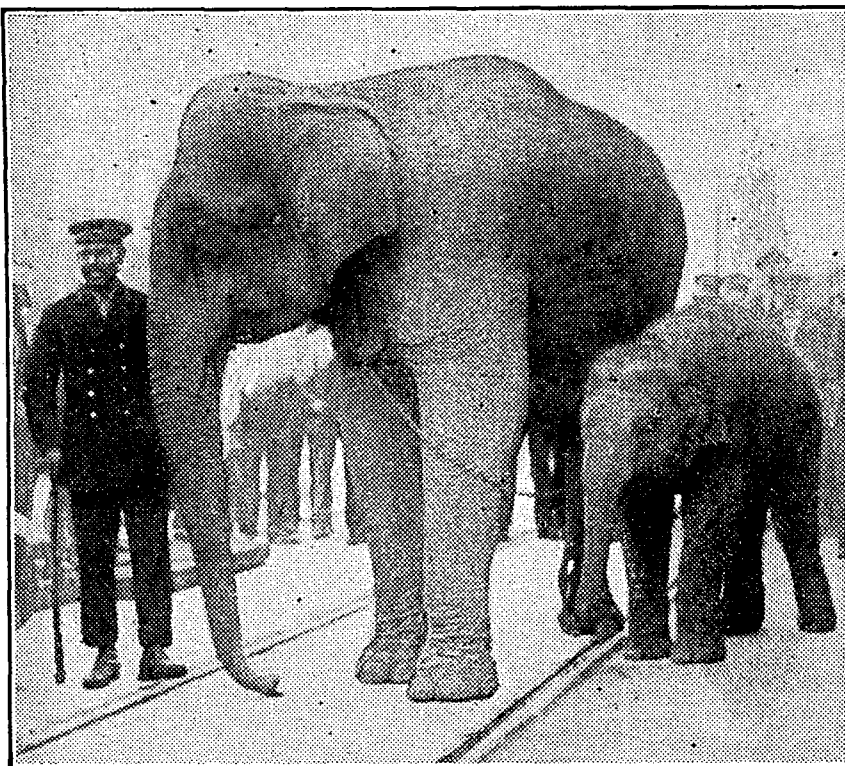
THERE has been a very pleasant sequel to the visit of Herr Eiffe, of Hamburg, to an exhibition of the British kinematograph film of Mons.

The film shows an incident of the famous retreat. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders had reached Le Cateau in their retreat and there lost their drum, which fell into the hands of the advancing Germans. Worn out after their fighting and forced marching, how were they to be rallied for another stand? Major Bridges, in command of the

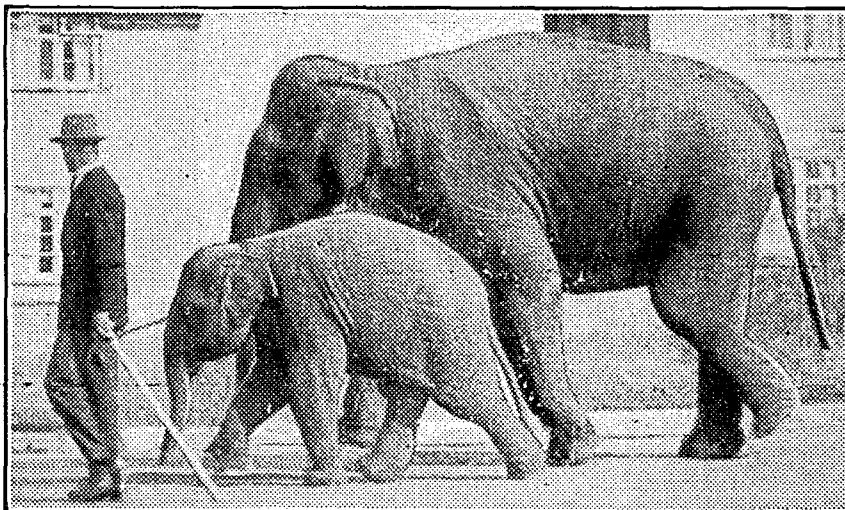
battalion, dashed into a shop and secured a toy drum and a whistle, and with these he brought his men once more into action.

Now it happens that later Major Goswin van Haag found the lost drum hidden in a bush near Roye, and gave it a year ago to Herr Eiffe. When Herr Eiffe saw the film he was so much moved that he went home and sent the drum to the Regimental Headquarters of the gallant Highlanders at Perth. The Army Council has sent a message of gratitude to Herr Eiffe from the regiment.

THE ZOO'S NEW ELEPHANTS



The elephant and her son land at Tilbury



Setting out on their walk to the Zoo

A large Burmese elephant and her baby son have lately arrived at the London Zoo, where they will be trained to carry visitors round the Gardens. They landed at Tilbury Docks and walked all the way through the streets to the Zoo, as shown in these pictures. See page 4

A NEW NELSON TOUCH FOR LONDON

JUST in time for his anniversary Nelson, standing so steadfast at the top of his column in Trafalgar Square, has revealed himself to a wider public.

For a century he has braved the fog and the breeze from his lofty height, his good grey eye firmly turned toward the Admiralty and the Southern Seas; but his countrymen have had to seek the Square to see him doing it. From the Strand little of the hero could be seen, except when his cocked hat and uniform rose, rather to the onlooker's surprise, over the high buildings which had hidden him from view.

The pulling down of the old corner near the Adelphi, which was in fact there before the column, has widened the

outlook. If Nelson's blind eye could see it could sweep the Strand now as far as the lovely little church of St. Mary-le-Strand. But the gain is not his. It is ours.

The City worker, turning his face westward from the top of his bus when the day's work is done, sees the great little man with his hand on his sword hilt nearly all the way from Wellington Street, which with Waterloo Bridge commemorates the end of the work which Nelson began.

It is good not to forget our famous men. It is easier to remember when we see them high above us; and now Lord Nelson's is probably the most easily seen statue in London.

A SLUM BOY'S GREAT STORY

WHEN CHALIAPIN EARNED THREE-HALFPENCE

What He Remembers When He Sings the Songs of the Poor

HIS MOTHER'S COURAGE

A wonderful romance of life has just been published in Paris.

It is the true story of how a little Russian slum boy passed through hardships which brought him to the verge of suicide and afterwards was hailed as the greatest operatic artiste in the world.

Fiodor Chaliapin was born in the ancient city of Kazan in 1873. The home consisted of one slum room, and the three little children were locked up in it alone all day while their mother went out to work. Their father was a drunkard who used to beat them all unmercifully, and they were terrified of him. Often they went without food for two days.

Working at Ten

Before he was ten Chaliapin began to help his adored mother by getting work with a brutal shoemaker, and later on he worked as a stevedore on the Volga. He was then little more than a boy, but he tried many trades without being able to earn enough to keep hunger at bay. As a stevedore he used to carry sacks of flour weighing 180 pounds, and for every 100 sacks he received four copecks, which is about three-halfpence. Now he can get any money he likes to ask for singing a song. He still remembers vividly the pains which used to torment him at night after he had been unloading flour all day.

Starving

One day chance brought him an engagement in the chorus of an operetta at ten shillings a week. He had no underclothes, no overcoat, and his only boots were broken, but he was happy, for he enjoyed the work. When that engagement was over he really starved, going for three or four days without food. He was driven to join a band of thieves, but soon left their hateful company, and was about to end his sufferings by suicide when a charitable Italian saved his life with a dish of macaroni.

Then another kind man gave him some clothes and singing lessons, and someone else got him work at the Imperial Theatre. At last people realised that here was a singer who had, besides a wonderful voice, a genius for acting and a poet's reverence for beautiful words. He is now the most famous living singer of opera in the world.

Three Italian Words

Before he had reached wealth Chaliapin was singing in an opera which had a ballet. One of the dancers was an Italian who seemed sad and friendless. Chaliapin guessed that she was homesick, and longed to cheer her with the sound of her native language, but the only Italian words he knew were allegro, andante, moderato. He went up to her and said them. She guessed his kindly intention, and fell in love with him. Soon afterwards they were married.

But the chief heroine of Chaliapin's book is his mother, who spent all her life struggling against want without any hope of better times to come and without ever complaining. From her Chaliapin inherited the courage which enabled him to survive his tragic youth.

Many of us have heard Chaliapin's singing of the Volga Boat Song, a folksong telling of the weariness of the toilers. Now that we know the story of Chaliapin and his mother we know why he is able to stir our very souls by this song of the poor.

HOLLAND CHANGING THE MAP

The Best Way of Doing It

SCHEME WHICH PLEASES EVERYONE

Maps are usually changed by wars and the treaties which follow wars, but today Holland is altering her geography in an entirely peaceful way.

She is making a new island and a new lake and turning the sea into fields. It will take about three years, and will cost seven and a half million pounds, but after it is done Holland will be so much bigger that the profits will amount to five million pounds more than the expenses incurred.

A series of dams, the island of Wieringen, and an artificial island are to block the mouth of the Zuyder Zee. Then the sea will be shut out from nearly a thousand square miles where once it came. Part of the land will become fields, but part of it will become a huge fresh-water lake, formed by damming up the River Yssel, which once flowed into the Zuyder Zee. No longer will cattle suffer from drinking brackish water, no longer will the crops droop and the canals become useless in times of drought, for Lake Yssel will be an immense reservoir, easily controlled by 25 sluices and two large locks.

A Boon to Business People

Of course farmers, shipowners, and the unemployed are delighted with the scheme, and there are others equally glad. These are the people whose business made it necessary for them to cross from Wieringen to the Friesian coast. Once it meant two hours of tossing in a steamboat, but in future the journey will only mean a twelve-mile run on the railway.

Holland, in fact, has found a scheme which pleases everyone. She is adding to her territory without stealing anybody else's; she has found work for her unemployed; and she will make a profit from the hundreds of acres reclaimed for agriculture. She is a wise little country, and not so little after all.

THE BLUE LOBSTER

A Strange Sight at the Circus

There was quite a sensation in Piccadilly Circus the other day. People were stopping outside a well-known fish restaurant to look at something they had never seen before.

It was a blue lobster, very much alive, we are sorry to say, and somewhat perturbed to find itself the centre of so much attention. Its colour was that of an Oxford man's scarf, though not quite so dark, perhaps more the colour of those powder-blue vases which were made in the old porcelain factories.

Nobody could explain how Mr. Lobster came to be so blue. It was suggested that he might have caught the colour from living on clay soil, and also that our English summer might have turned him blue; but nobody really knew.

The manager of the restaurant, surveying his blue lobster with pride, had no solution to offer. "It is the first time I have ever seen such a thing," he declared.

It is sad to think that even if a lobster is born blue instead of black he must turn red in the ordinary way, and come to the dinner-table like all his contemporaries. Could he not have gone to the Zoo Aquarium?

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 102	Falmouth . . . 5.59 ins.
Total rainfall 4.48 ins.	Edinburgh . . . 5.47 ins.
Dry days . . . 16	Southampton 5.39 ins.
Wet days . . . 14	Liverpool . . . 5.19 ins.
Warmest day . . . 2nd	Dublin . . . 3.97 ins.
Coldest day . . . 29th	Holyhead . . . 3.42 ins.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

An iceberg thirty-five miles long has been seen off the Orkneys.

A foxhound found loose in London streets has been sold.

The harvest of Western Australia is expected to yield 35 million bushels.

A dog has lived for a week under a station platform at London Bridge.

The United States Government Red Indian Department deals with 342 tribes.

Croydon's Sunday

Croydon Town council has refused by 35 votes to 11 to allow Sunday cinemas.

Tunnels for Pedestrians

The City of Los Angeles has 49 pedestrian tunnels under its busiest streets.

In Memory of Shackleton

A monument is now on its way to the Antarctic for erection over Shackleton's grave.

Locust Found in a Bedroom

A C.N. reader at Weston-super-Mare has had the rare experience of finding a locust in her bedroom.

Greyhound Racing Forbidden

Derby Corporation has refused to allow greyhound racing on any corporation ground.

While the Editor Wrote

While the Editor of The Times was writing for his paper a knock at the door brought news that his house was on fire.

A Pigeon's Wander Years

After being missing for three years a homing pigeon has returned to its old loft at Seaton, in Devonshire.

Advancing Canada

The population of Canada is now estimated at 9,389,000, an increase of 600,000 in six years.

No Playing Field at Gateshead

We are told that Gateshead, which has over 100,000 people, has not one public playing-field for them.

Another Relic for America

The old roof of a Gloucestershire barn near Tetbury has gone to America packed in crates.

The Aurora Borealis

Northern Lights in the Forth Estuary were so brilliant the other night that they lit up ships ten miles out at sea.

A Freak Florin

A florin with both sides the same has just been returned to the Mint after being in circulation for many years.

A Gold-Filled Hollow

A hollow flint picked up by a boy at Chute Forest in Wiltshire contained a handful of gold coins 2000 years old.

Up in Keswick

A hunted fox at Keswick leaped over a 30-foot crag and was stunned before the hounds could reach it and tear it to pieces.

Something New For China

The new Chinese Maritime Customs House at Shanghai is to have a thirty-ton clock with dials eighteen feet across, probably the biggest in the Far East.

Girl Swims the Channel

Although the water was very cold, Miss Mercedes Gleitze succeeded in her eighth attempt to swim the Channel. She was in the water more than 15 hours.

America's Air Mail

The United States Government has ceased to handle its air-mail routes directly, and has turned them over to private contractors.

The Locked Door

A C.N. correspondent who has been visiting Nottinghamshire tells us that he found the door of the little church at Trowell locked.

A Gift to Jersey

Sir Jesse Boot has given a playing field of about 13 acres to the people of Jersey, and will lay out the ground at his own cost.

Inn for a Church

The Saracen's Head Inn at King's Norton, in which the wife of Charles Stuart stayed, has been given (without a licence) to the parish church.

AN IDEA MOVING ON

English Cricket Notion Goes to Germany

A member of the German Board of Education, Dr. F. W. Schneider, visited Oxford a little while ago, and went back full of admiration for something he wants Germany to copy.

This is the coaching given to elementary schoolboys by members of college cricket elevens on college grounds. He thought it a fine thing that young men should be so keen to help poor boys that they give up to this work time which might have been spent on perfecting their own play and winning the fame enjoyed by very successful athletes.

Opportunity For Schoolboys

The movement was started by Mr. J. R. F. Turner, and Dr. Schneider hopes to start a similar movement in cricket in Germany. Already some tennis clubs in Berlin are giving schoolboys the opportunity of learning the game, and are paying for their balls.

The National Playing Fields Movement is another thing the German professor admires. It is one more sign that the well-to-do sportsman wants his younger brother to enjoy the same opportunities as himself. So long as this spirit is alive in England we shall not break our hearts if our amateurs lose world championships, though we very much hope a time will come when we shall win them back.

THE LEAD ROOF

Does It Receive Radium From the Sun?

A puzzling discovery has been made by a woman scientist, Miss St. Maracineanu.

She has reported to the French Academy of Sciences that a lead roof much exposed to the sunshine has become radio-active. The fascinating possibility has therefore been opened up of our being able to trap radio-active energy from the Sun.

Naturally such a startling discovery was not accepted at once, but after her claims had been examined Miss St. Maracineanu was advised by the famous astronomer Deslandres to continue her work, and test pieces of the lead roof were taken from the cornice of the Paris Observatory. There seems to be little doubt that lead much exposed to the wonderful powers of the Sun becomes possessed of radio-activity. How it is conveyed remains for the time being a mystery, but it is thought that it may be due to the very penetrating rays discovered a year or two ago by Professor Millikan of California.

THE TINIEST PORTRAIT

Mystery of an Exhibition

Foolish men used to discuss how many angels could stand at one time on the point of a needle. There is a portrait in existence so tiny that a hundred copies of it could be placed side by side on the head of a pin!

It is a portrait of Joseph Nicéphore Niepce, one of the inventors of photography and an associate of Daguerre. Mounted on a slide, it is invisible except through a high-power microscope. When enlarged 160,000 times it is little bigger than a postage stamp.

The portrait was produced by Professor Goldberg, of Dresden, and was lent by a member of the British Photographic Research Association for the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society in London.

From that, most unfortunately, it has disappeared, secretly borrowed or stolen. It is difficult to believe that the borrower will not secretly or openly restore it in the near future, for it is stated to be quite irreplaceable.

ELECTRIC TOWERS

Nation's Great Power Scheme

PREPARING FOR THE REVOLUTION

The great revolution in Britain's electricity supply, begun by last year's Act of Parliament, may now be said to be fairly under weigh.

First Central Scotland and now London and the Home Counties have their considered schemes, and the Midlands will follow before Christmas. The scheme for the Home Counties, officially known as the South-Eastern Area, has been submitted by the Electricity Commissioners, whose duty it is to make plans, to the Electricity Board, whose duty it is, when it approves of them, to carry them out and so become general purveyors of electric power.

The area stretches from Peterborough to Brighton, and at present contains 150 electricity undertakings. Most of these will in future become mere transmitters of power.

Two Questions

In London the distributing cables will run in underground mains, but in the country they will be carried by steel towers 80 feet high and a quarter of a mile apart.

Two questions to which it would be interesting to have an answer are prompted by these announcements. Why should the new power stations be built at Battersea and Chiswick instead of in the country?

And why should the cables be laid overhead instead of underground? We have changed our telephone trunk wires from overhead to underground at great expense. Why risk having to do the same with the power cables? Why not let them run side by side with the telephone wires in the same conduits?

A HERO FOR NEW ZEALAND

Statue For a Village Far Away

Travellers on foot or by bus who pass down Euston Road have seen in the front yard of a stonemason's works a splendid figure of a New Zealand soldier.

More than life-size and fashioned of solid cast bronze, the figure is to be a New Zealander's memorial to his brave countrymen who gave their lives for the Empire in the war. It will be set up in Otahuhu, a small town near Auckland, and the donor is an Auckland merchant, Mr. A. Trenwith.

A year ago, when the idea seized him that he would like to give the memorial, he cabled for designs to Mr. George Maile, a famous artist-mason, the descendant of a long line of his family, who settled down in Euston Road in 1785 as masters of their craft.

Mr. Trenwith picked out the design he liked best, ordered it by cable, and has now come over to arrange for the figure to be sent to New Zealand. And Mr. Maile, who has done many fine pieces of work, has never done a better piece than this, which he made for a village he has never seen, and probably never heard of, ten thousand miles away.

900 MILES IN A CANVAS CANOE

An author and lecturer who has explored every important body of water in America is to sail down the North Saskatchewan River for 900 miles in a collapsible canvas canoe, taking scenic and animal photographs by the way.

He is Mr. Lewis Freeman, and he is to start from Edmonton, Alberta, and finish at Le Pas, Manitoba. The canoe is 14 feet long, with steel strips at intervals. It is decked over, and has air chambers under two seats to keep it afloat if the canvas is pierced. A little motor, driving a screw, is attached to the stern as an auxiliary to the paddling.

A THOUSAND MILES TO MARKET

Bridge-Making on the Way

WHAT FARMING IS LIKE IN AUSTRALIA

Driving sheep to market may be a matter of an hour or two in England. Not so in Australia!

English farmers would not envy the Australian who had to send his flock 1350 miles to market in Wilmington. There were 10,000 sheep, and 400 died in the bush on the way. The journey took 25 weeks, and there were ten drovers, who probably received six pounds a week and their rations.

The Australian drover is worth every penny of his wage. He has to find his way through trackless bush, keep the cattle from eating poisonous plants, find water for them, and watch them day and night. Often he has to contend with heat so great that birds drop dead from it, and at other times he will have to fight floods. The drovers who took the journey to Wilmington had to make a bridge at Koopa Creek, and this took them fourteen days.

As he has to be pathfinder, camp builder, cook, veterinary surgeon, and bridge-maker, the Australian cattle-drover deserves to share with the British sailor the proud title of Handyman.

BY TELEGRAPH OR TELEPHONE?

The Telephone Winning

Post Office telegraph traffic is falling, and people are wondering how much farther it will fall.

The Postmaster-General announces that decreases in the telegraphic staff are likely, and already all recruiting for the service has stopped.

Some people blame the Post Office for the decline, holding that it is not sufficiently pushing the service; but it is clear that the telephone is proving more convenient for much of the business that was formerly done by the telegraph.

One disadvantage of the telephone, however, is that if the man at the other end is out and there is no one to take a message the call is wasted, whereas a telegram awaits his return. That difficulty may some time be remedied if automatic records of telephone messages prove successful in practice.

Even so, the telegraph must always be more convenient for the many messages whose senders want to get rid of them at once without waiting for trunk calls to be put through, as when a motorist drops his message at the post office as he passes through a town.

WHY CHILDREN ARE READING SHAKESPEARE

A Library Vote

A very interesting test has been made by Mr. J. Radcliffe, the librarian at Bethnal Green Public Library.

Wishing to find out the favourite authors of the children using the library, Mr. Radcliffe set questions for boys and girls between ten and fourteen, and was agreeably surprised to discover that 64 voted for Shakespeare and 24 for Dickens.

That so many favour Shakespeare is a great encouragement to all who are able to realise what it means, and Mr. Radcliffe thinks the preference is probably due to the popularity of Charles Lamb's *Tales From Shakespeare* and Arthur Mee's *Children's Shakespeare*. The *Children's Shakespeare* is published by Hodder and Stoughton at 7s. 6d.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

A Graceful Portrait Painter

Angelica Kauffmann was born the end of October, 1741.

Angelica Kauffmann is an interesting and romantic figure in the story of European art. She lived in a day when it was almost unknown for a woman to take up art seriously, and in a small way she was a pioneer.

Her father was a mediocre painter, a humble craftsman, of Tirol. She was born in October, 1741, an only child. The father from the first was a little foolish about Angelica. He wanted her to be all that he had failed to be. When he saw signs of love for drawing in her he was overjoyed. Everything that could be done in a humble home was done for Angelica. She became that trying thing a child prodigy.

Painting the Bishop

When she was eleven her father set her up as a portrait painter in Como. One of her first sitters was an old bishop. This must have made a pretty picture in itself: Angelica, golden-haired, blue-eyed, of a charming disposition, sitting earnestly regarding this old gentleman and nervously placing her pencil to paper!

After two years in Como her father took her to Milan. The revelation of Italian art and architecture left the young student speechless. She was sensitive to beauty, modest about her own attainments. Unfortunately she became something of a marvel. No girl went about drawing Old Masters in those days. The wife of the Governor of Milan heard about her, and made a fuss of her. Angelica was given work. She seems to have come out of the ordeal quite unspoiled; and she learned to be at home in nearly all the grand houses of Europe before her career came to an end.

Angelica in London

The great pity was that she began painting pictures and went on painting pictures when she should have been learning to draw correctly. She loved wandering about and was spoiled by her father; it would have taken a strong character to resist the temptation to paint pictures in order to study when money was a serious problem.

In their wanderings father and daughter arrived in Naples. An Englishwoman, Lady Wentworth, got to know her, thought she was a genius, and carried her off to England. In the middle of the season in 1766 Angelica arrived in London. She was plunged into the gay social life of aristocratic circles, taken everywhere by her patron. She was witty, attractive, extremely gifted socially, a clever musician, could speak several languages. She became the darling of London society.

Her Successes and Failures

For a time she lived with Lady Wentworth, then set up a studio of her own. She was besieged with commissions for portraits, but found time to paint mythological compositions. When the Academy was formed in 1768 Angelica was one of the first members.

Her portraits always had grace and dignity; the draperies were well done; but she lacked strength and decision. She erred on the sweet and pretty side, and covered up her weak drawing by a skilful treatment of flesh tints. She had a very clever trick with her vermilion, and very often sitters were enchanted with their portraits, but she probably used the wrong medium, as her colours have faded. The artists of London gallantly shared their honours with her. A large number of her pictures were engraved by Bartolozzi.

Angelica stayed in London sixteen years, then went off to Italy again, and lived there till her death in Rome on November 5, 1807.

THE COUNTRY PARSON

By One of Them

The Church Congress was much interested in this picture of the Country Parson by one of them, Canon Whitechurch, Vicar of Stone, near Aylesbury.

It is interesting to turn after reading it to Oliver Goldsmith's picture of this central figure of our countryside:

*A man he was to all the country dear
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns, he ran his goodly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change,
his place
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.*

There is that strange line of demarcation between the countryman born and bred and the man thrust upon him from the outside world. The villagers have a feeling that the new parson is not one of them, and hope he is not going to interfere with the traditions of their lives.

A Crowning Wonder

The wise and patient country parson finds that this preliminary isolation wears off in time. If he is a truly wise priest he will acknowledge after five years of patient study that he knows nothing about the true secrets of country life.

One of the crowning wonders of the Church is the fact that she places men by hundreds in remote country parishes and leaves them there from year's end to year's end, with often no word from her officials, and that their strong sense of honour and duty carries them along through the years to perform a work which, humanly speaking, is frequently unrecognised or unknown. Either a pat on the back or a blow in the face is a good incentive in one's work. The country parson often gets neither, and frequently envies his town brother, who gets both.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card; with name and address.

What Gives a Pigeon the Homing Instinct?
No one knows; it is a mystery of science.

Why Has the Dead Sea No Outlet?
Because it lies in a hollow far below the general level of the ocean. Its surface is 1300 feet below sea-level.

Who Was Sir Paul Rycout?
A traveler and author, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, who became British Consul at Smyrna, a Privy Councillor, and an Irish judge. Born 1628; died 1700.

Why Did Watts Call One of His Paintings Hope?

Because the figure is symbolical of Hope. Though blindfolded and having only one string to her lyre, she places her ear close to it, earnestly and patiently listening in the hope of hearing some music from it.

Is There Any Ancient Account of the Creation apart From the Bible Story?

Yes; there are several. There is, for instance, a Chaldean account on tablets which are in the British Museum. They were translated by the late George Smith, the well-known Assyriologist.

Does the Moon Affect the Weather?

It is difficult to say. There is no such obvious influence on the weather as popular rhymes and tradition suggest, but some meteorologists think the Moon may have some influence, though at present it is impossible to say what.

Why Does Iron Feel Colder Than Wood When We Touch It?

It does not always, as when we seize a poker that has been in the fire. But when a piece of iron and a piece of wood that have been out of doors all night are touched the iron feels colder because, being a good conductor, it more quickly and effectively takes the heat from our fingers.

Why if the Earth Were Once Molten Does Britain Show Signs of Ancient Glaciers?

The Earth was once molten, but its outside gradually cooled down till a crust was formed. Then as it spun on its axis it had a wobble like a peg-top and was not always tilted at the same angle as now. The result was that certain parts caught the Sun's rays less directly than now, and were much colder. There were, no doubt, other causes contributing, but this was the chief.

SATURN SEEN NEAR THE MOON

THE TILT OF VENUS

Where Days and Nights Would Be Two Months Long

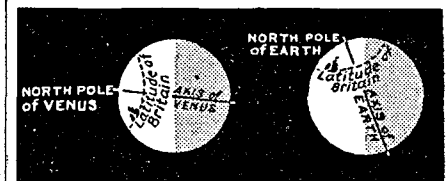
THE EARTH AS A SHINING BALL

By the C.N. Astronomer

Saturn will appear close to the crescent Moon on Friday next, October 28, so providing a good opportunity for identifying this far-off world, which will soon have left our evening sky and retreated to far beyond the Sun.

As about 140 million miles have been added to the distance that separated Saturn from our world last May, when he was at his nearest, his brightness has considerably diminished.

After about 6 p.m. on Friday he may be seen low in the south-west sky, to the right of the Moon and between three and four times her apparent width



The axis of Venus compared with the axis of the Earth, showing the difference it would make were we on Venus

away. In December Saturn will join Venus and Mars and appear in the early morning sky.

Venus is now a superb object in the East, where she may be seen after about 3 a.m. and followed until after sunrise. With field-glasses or a telescope Venus may be watched until far into the morning, or even, under favourable conditions, through the day, if care be taken to note her path and position relative to some near, stationary object, such as a tree, from time to time.

As the distance of Venus from the Earth is now increasing her brilliance will wane; at present she is about 50 million miles from us and the nearest world, except, of course, the Moon.

She is of very great interest just now on account of the revelations which have been made concerning the puzzling, faint markings on her disc and the singular peculiarities of her atmosphere, which indicate a remarkable state of things on the planet.

Professor W. H. Pickering first drew attention to this, and concluded that Venus must have a day of about 68 hours, and that her axis is tilted so greatly that her North Pole in summer is almost under the Sun.

If England Were On Venus

Subsequent investigations along other lines have tended to confirm this discovery, more particularly the heat radiations from different parts of Venus, proving that the North and South Poles of this planet are not near the top and bottom of her disc, as in the case of Mars and the Earth.

The drawing explains what this means by showing the tilt of the axis of Venus compared with that of the Earth. In these circumstances were England on Venus we should have continual day for about two months (that is, for a quarter of Venus's year) in the summer and about two months of night in the winter. During this time the starlight would occasionally be relieved by the brilliance of the Earth, which would appear in Venus's sky like a little moon.

The greater part of her northern hemisphere would be subject to this trying state of things, which would alternate with similar conditions in most of the southern hemisphere.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Saturn south-west, Jupiter and Uranus south-east to south. In the morning Venus east.

DESERT ISLAND

The Story of a
Modern Crusoe

By
Marjory Royce

What Has Happened Before

Two families of boys and girls, the Hewarts and the Longdales, spend their holidays in Scotland.

In order to prove that the boys and girls of today are quite as courageous and resourceful as their ancestors, an old gentleman they call Uncle Bluster takes the children to a little island he has bought—and leaves them there!

They find food and provisions, and settle themselves for the night—all but Hilary, who has disappeared.

CHAPTER 8

On the Trail

RAFE must have slept a long time, for it was certainly dawn. It lay on the shore and on the sea with a faint brightness. Rafe sat bolt upright.

"Isn't the sea like mother-of-pearl?" said Alastair quickly.

"What's the danger?" said Rafe impatiently.

"There's something nosing down here. A—sort of dog! Look!"

"Jolly nice if it is a dog. Why is there danger?"

"It wasn't a real dog," said Alastair, shivering. "It was a phantom."

"What an ass you are!" was all the reply he received.

"I was reading up all those Highland stories before I came North, and there are lots of ghost dogs in them," explained Alastair. "Ah, look! There it is again!" and he clutched Rafe by the hand. The tide had gone back, and on the wide expanse of sand there trotted a great hound, nosing its way along the sands.

"I say, I believe that might be Mr. De Lisle's lost 'Alsatian,'" breathed Rafe. "But how did it get here? I'm going to give chase!"

Then Alastair laid hold of Rafe's coat and begged him to desist. "It is a ghost, I think," said the lad, his lips quivering with terror. "We'll have bad luck if we chase it. It'll chase us then."

All the Scout and all the man in Rafe rose to the surface. It was a degrading thing this fear.

"You've got to get over these ideas, Miles," he said, in his strongest voice. "Here, Ted! Come along and chase the dog down there."

They ran down to the sands, their shoes all untied, for they had only worn them loosely the night before for comfort's sake. Alastair was not following. "Come on!" Rafe called to him, looking back.

"You're not King of the Island," was the sullen reply.

"Am I not?" said Rafe threateningly, but he left Alastair alone, so keen was he on pursuing the dog.

He found the creature lying down behind a rock, tranquilly licking his paws.

He was an Alsatian pup, hardly full grown, a beautiful specimen, with dark, intelligent eyes. Could he be the dog De Lisle had lost? With gentle hands Rafe twisted round his collar, and saw the initials there: "R. De L."

That settled it! The boy rubbed his eyes. Was it possible that he, Rafe, had won such a prize! Had not De Lisle promised to hand over the splendid creature to whoever could find him? Why, if he had listened to that ass Alastair Miles he'd have lain still and thought it was a ghost dog, and perhaps never have found him, for a dog might climb where a child could not venture over the frowning rocks of Sandvreckan at the end of the island.

Teddy came panting up to admire. The pup responded at once, to Rafe's gentle patting and Teddy's eager stroking.

"John will be disappointed that you found him," said Teddy. "You know the Hewarts haven't got a

dog. I don't know if we shall be allowed to keep him. Father always says one dog is enough, and Mother would never give up Spot. You know she adores him, and your cat Ruffles might be afraid. I think John wants him more than we do, Rafe."

"What does that matter? But oh! I say, what's that over there against the headland where the gulls are flying?"

There was a small dark spot which on closer inspection turned out to be a boat moored to a stone. How they longed to go for a row there and then! It must be the hermit's boat.

Alastair had now pulled himself together and had come up, tall and lanky. His kilt was rather rumpled and his hair was tousled. Decidedly they all wanted a wash, and Rafe, lifting his eyes and taking keen stock of the island view in the growing light, noticed with delight a little stream trickling down between two rocks. Fresh water, a pool at the bottom to wash in. Good! But Hilary, lost Hilary, could not be forgotten! When they had retraced their steps to the cave where the Hewarts apparently still slept Teddy became rather anxious for breakfast. One of Hilary's stockings lay on the pebbles.

A head appeared out of the cave. It was John's.

"Is that the dog?" A wild rush, and the boy was on his knees; his jealous arms were round the Alsatian's neck.

"And I intended to find him!" John's voice was husky. Whatever John Hewart feared it was not a big dog; he seemed to handle the Alsatian more lovingly and skilfully than either of the others, for the pup became very playful, carried his head high with excitement, and looked imploringly at John and not at Rafe, as if to say "Come on, master! Let's have a game!"

"We found him on the beach prowling about. I can't think how he got on to Lithranmore," explained Ted.

"Mr. De Lisle may have brought him here one day," said John, still absorbed. "He's a beauty; look at his head! If I had come out a bit earlier I should probably have found him first."

"I daresay," drawled Rafe, "but he's mine: and now we must find Hilary before the girls are awake."

"Here, take a sniff at that and help us to find old Hill," said John, suddenly seeing on the sand the discarded stocking with the pale blue tops that Hilary always would have, as he meant to go to Cambridge, and holding it before the Alsatian.

The big pup gave a long sniff and ran off lochward with his nose to the ground. The boys stared at one another. What was happening? Was he really tracing the lost boy?

"He may be trained, or this may be chance," muttered John.

"After him, at any rate!" was Rafe's command, and they all began to run.

CHAPTER 9

Teddy to the Rescue

THE puppy took them to the loch, to the exact spot where they had so casually taken off their shoes and stockings to paddle the evening before, and then on to the spot where they had quarrelled about cricket and cricketers; then it turned slowly up a little lane that ran beside a hillock. They had not been this way before. It was bright and green in the morning sunshine; there was heather in patches at the side, and among the heather grew a bright green plant with dark blue fruit.

"Blue or blue berries," said Alastair, who had evidently read that up, too, before he came North. "My godfather told me I might

find them." He threw himself down on a clump of heather and began to sample the fruit, for he was hungry.

Rafe gave him a furious glance and went on. What a fellow he was to be sure to be tired so soon! He thought more of himself than of Hilary. Poor old Hill!

As Rafe ran along he forgot Hilary's maddeningly teasing ways and his perpetual practical jokes. Poor old Hill! Had anything happened to him? He might, of course, have tried to climb the fierce, jagged rocks at the end of the island and fallen down and bashed his head. Rafe ran more fiercely still, and after him tumbled fat Teddy and John, breathless. The pup, leading on, swerved round behind some bushes; they followed, and came at last to a cottage.

Quite a pretty little tumbledown place! Half of it was standing; the thatched roof stopped abruptly. It was just as if you had sliced the thing very badly in jagged halves and one half was now only a pile of crumbling stones.

In dashed the hound; in dashed the children to the one room remaining. It was a bedroom. In this bedroom on a bed lay Hilary, asleep.

"Hullo, old man! Wake up!"

Rafe's hand pressed his shoulder. The Alsatian threw himself down, panting, with a satisfied air, and John did not forget to give him a pat of praise. Said Rafe urgently again: "Hilary, old man, wake up! Oh, I say, whatever's been the matter?"

Hilary's bright brown eyes were wide open now.

"Where have you all been?" he said complainingly. "I can't move; I've got a huge thistle in my foot!"

"A thistle!" cried Rafe. "Is it likely? Let me see it."

A foot was thrust out for inspection, a dirty, rosy foot. Sure enough, there was a big scratch all over the sole of it, and the poisonous-looking long prong of a thorn was embedded therein and sticking out.

"Only a tug is wanted," said Rafe. But already Hilary had withdrawn the foot, and was clasping it tightly and moaning weakly. He looked quite tired out. It hadn't been too pleasant lying there all night. When he had left the boys with whom he had quarrelled he had gone on some distance alone, pursuing a moth, and had trodden on a sharp, spikey plant in a wild dive at the cottage door after his floating Purple Emperor. He had fallen down with the sharp, stinging pain, had dragged himself into shelter on one leg, and had found it impossible to move with any comfort. As he was tired after all his long day in the sea air he

had gone to sleep, only to awake and try to summon up courage to pluck out the offending thorn. In the moonlight it had looked very easy, but one faint tug had produced such a pang of agony on the top of the steady pain that Hilary simply had not dared.

"Here, let me remove the thorn," said Teddy eagerly.

"Who found the dog?" asked Hilary, admiring the noble head of the Alsatian in the midst of all his trouble.

"Oh, never mind about the dog."

"It's John's, I suppose?"

"No, it's mine," said Rafe shortly. "Look here, Hilary, you ought to be ashamed of lying so long with that spike in your foot. Are you afraid of a thistle, man?"

"The thistle," said a slow, shy voice at the door, "is sometimes a very dangerous thing. Its spikes are as sharp as darning needles, and venomous too. I read that before I came North in a book my godfather gave me. Thistles may grow to six feet."

"Oh, it does hurt," said Hilary, bursting out crying. "And I'm so hungry."

"I gathered you these," said Alastair quietly.

"I thought you were puffed and had to rest," Rafe said briefly.

"I stayed behind to get these berries for him," explained Alastair.

"Now, then, we'll have that thorn out. You do it, Teddy. Be perfectly quiet, Hilary."

"Can I hang on to you?" said Hilary, terrified. He knew the note of authority in Rafe's voice; he knew that his twin meant to have that thorn out.

"If you like to be a girl about it you can hold my hand."

Hilary shook his head and compressed his lips. Teddy might be a greedy soul, but he certainly had a gentle touch. First he ran out of the ruined house and washed his hands in a stream of clear water that trickled down a grassy bank. Then he came to Hilary, and with one deft twist of the wrist pulled out with a skilful tweak the long, cruel, jagged spike that had been worrying his foot all night. There was water, too, in which to bathe the bleeding foot, hastily scooped up in Teddy's flannel hat—the best that could be done in the circumstances. And, crowning triumph on the part of Teddy, out came that emergency bandage which he had carried in his coat pocket for such ages, with the bit of lint and the strip of sticking-plaster. It was of use at last!

"You are a decent doctor, Ted," sighed Hilary, greatly relieved when the thing was done.

"I only wish I could be," was the answer. "Now," in very professional tones, "we'll get him home and give him some breakfast. He can't walk for a day or two. But don't be a goose, Hilary; it wasn't so very awful, and it was your own owl fault to be lying there for hours with a thistle stuck in your foot."

"I can tell you more about the thistle," said Alastair shyly.

"So can Teddy," said Rafe at once. "He's jolly good at plants."

But Teddy was interested.

"Do you know about the carline thistle?" said Teddy, lifting Hilary with John's help, and establishing him pick-a-back on his broad shoulders.

"That's the common one. This one is called *Carduus Scotticus*. My godfather—" said Alastair, but a groan from the others made him silent.

"We've got to get back and have some tuck immediately. What would you like for breakfast, old boy?" asked Teddy, as they left the hut.

"I'd like a chocolate biscuit," said Hilary, in his usual impish high spirits.

"You can't have that," said Rafe, walking behind. "We've got none with us. You can ask for one tonight, when we're back in Crow's Nest. Ah Sing's has got some, no doubt."

Teddy, toiling along, felt another pang about his buried treasure.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

Peter's Prisoner

ONE Saturday evening Peter's mother called her little boy, gave him a basket and the week-end money, and sent him to do the household shopping.

Peter made his way to the market, which stood in the middle of Oxford, a square full of flower shops and booths of the butchers, long since forbidden to sell in the streets of the learned town because of their fights with the gowmsmen.

At that time the market owned something else besides shops, a collection of cages full of all kinds of small beasts and birds called the Little Zoo.

It was always in this direction that Peter turned first, for, though his heart was full of pity for the prisoners, he loved to watch them and push cabbage leaves through the bars to the rabbits.

But that day he saw something which touched his sympathies far more than any rabbit or puppy could. In a cage a dejected little linnet perched, half starved and with only one foot.

Peter felt a pang of pity for the bird which almost hurt him, for the child was lame himself.

He asked the dealer the price.

"Four shillings," was the reply.

Away limped Peter, lugging his basket, to complete his purchases and see what his mother thought about the linnet.

Four shillings take a long time to save in a home as poor as Peter's, but at last he came back in triumph, with not only the right sum in his pocket but a nice, roomy cage in his hand.

To his horror he found a rich-looking, benevolent old gentleman standing before the lame linnet, evidently inclined to buy it. Peter's feelings overcame him, and he found courage enough to protest.

"Oh, sir, don't buy the bird! I have been saving up for him for weeks. It is only right he should be mine seeing that he is a dot-and-carry-one like myself."

"I would not dream of disputing him with you," said the other kindly.

Peter heard him, and gave him no more thought. He was paying down the four shillings: the exciting business of the transfer of the lame bird into his new cage had begun.

Lintie's little heart went pit-a-pat with fear; he fluttered like a brown leaf from perch to perch.

"Silly fellow, when you are going to be so happy!" crooned Peter. "A box full of seed, a china bath to wash in. Cheer up!"

In course of time Lintie lost his fears, grew tame and friendly, and trilled a sweet little song. He was very brave, too, about his poor stump and preened his feathers with it.

But this is not the end of the story of the lame linnet. One day Peter's mother had a letter from the old gentleman who had wanted to buy the bird. He had had a bicycle specially made for Peter, which helped him along the roads quite as well as wings helped Lintie.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Never was such an Empire as that which the roving children of our race have expanded till it reaches from Pole to Pole. It has wonders untold, and in the November issue of My Magazine the enthralling story is told of just seven of its visible wonders. Here are a few more titles from this splendid issue.

The Magic of Sir Walter Scott

The Weather Maker

Can We Understand It?

Where the Animals Beat Us

The Wizardry of Nature's Kingdom

A Man Against Napoleon

The Brave Life of Sir John Moore

The Forsaken Merman

Matthew Arnold's Delightful Poem Beautifully Illustrated in Colour

The Great City Gone

Bringing to Light the Home of St. John

There are many other features in this splendid magazine, and the pictures alone, many in colours and photographs, make it worth its price of one shilling. Buy your copy now. Ask for

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee



THE BRAN TUB

A Charade

THE friend whose heart's the most benign
Will readily my first define;
By those in scarlet robes arrayed
My second will be seen portrayed;
Fathers, brothers, uncles, cousins,
Had I all of them by dozens,
Would to the world my whole
proclaim,
For they are every one its name.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Cuscus

The Cuscus, which is about the size of a large cat, is a dull, sleepy creature during the day, but becomes more active at night. It lives in trees, and feeds upon leaves, fruit, birds, and small animals. It moves about in trees like a squirrel, sometimes using its tail to swing from branch to branch. The several species of the Cuscus are found in the islands of the Indo-Malay region, North Australia, and New Guinea.

The Shepherd's Crook

THOUGH everyone knows that a shepherd carries a crook, very few town-dwellers know what it is used for. The long crook enables the shepherd to catch a sheep without hurting it. If the sheep shows signs of leaving the rest of the flock the shepherd places the crook round its leg and thus prevents it from running away.

Ici On Parle Français



Le violon Le père Le fort

Le violon ne supporte pas la médiocrité.
Le bébé est sur les genoux de son père.
Le fort a résisté à tous les assauts.

Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words.

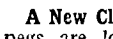
To curl round; a great lake; things to write with; a piece of office furniture.

Answer next week

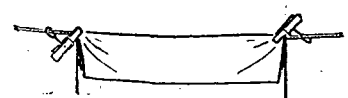
Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Novel Teapot. Teapots in the form of animals are likely to become very popular. Here is one shaped like a cat, the up-raised paw of the animal forming the spout, the tail being used as the handle, while the creature's head, which is removable, serves as the lid.



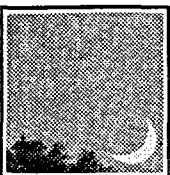
A New Clothes-Peg. More clothes-pegs are lost than ever wear out through constant use. Here is a simple device to prevent the pegs from falling off the line. Loosely



attached to each peg, which is of the spring-clip type, is a piece of wire having a ring at one end, and this ring is threaded on the clothes-line so that even if the peg loses its grip of the clothes the peg remains suspended.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

GULLS begin to fly inland. The golden plovers are now arriving. The short-eared owl is seen. Flocks of wild geese begin to arrive in England. The woodcock is seen. The leaves of the honeysuckle, hazel, and elm begin to fall. The Virginia creeper is stripped of its leaves.



Looking South 5.0 p.m., Oct. 28

Proverbs About Reputation

A GOOD name keeps its lustre in the dark.

A great reputation is a great charge.
A good fame is better than a good face.

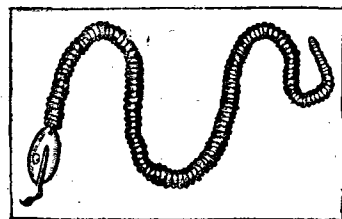
Get a good name and go to sleep.
More credit may be thrown down in a moment than can be built up in an age.

Take away my good name, take away my life.

A Snake Made of Acorn Cups

COLLECT a basketful of acorn cups and choose one specially long acorn. Remove the stalks, and bore a small hole with a darning needle in the bottom of each cup. Take a piece of strong, fine string, as long as you wish the snake to be, make a knot at one end, and thread the acorn shells until the string is nearly covered.

The head of the snake is made by cutting a mouth at one end of the

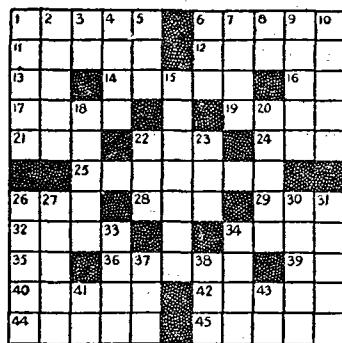


acorn and sewing above it two red beads for eyes. A small strip of scarlet cloth can be glued into the mouth for a tongue. A hole is now bored through the other end of the acorn, and through this is tied the end of the string.

The snake has a pliable body, and is not easily broken. It becomes stronger as time passes, for the acorn shells harden and contract.

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 50 words or abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below, and the answers will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. To crush. 6. Frequently. 11. A vagrant. 12. The relation which one thing has to another in regard to quantity. 13. Exists. 14. An instrument that measures. 16. To perform. 17. Profound. 19. Female sheep. 21. Yorkshire river. 22. To be ill. 24. Before. 25. A fossil footprint. 26. To winnow. 28. An insect. 29. To know. 32. Fury. 34. A continent. 35. Gold. 36. Pertaining to the call of the leg. 39. King's Counsel (abbrev.). 40. A citron-coloured resinous substance. 42. The wheel of a turbine. 44. An instrument of punishment. 45. Intermediate.

Reading Down. 1. Self-esteem. 2. Popular flowers. 3. For example (abbrev.). 4. A kind of reservoir. 5. To perceive. 6. A mineral consisting of 2 metal and some other substance. 7. The sum paid for travelling. 8. Famous motor-cycling trials (abbrev.). 9. A duck. 10. A running knot. 15. Leaner. 18. The act of adding. 20. Periods of time. 22. An exclamation. 23. Kindled. 26. A dress. 27. Elder brother of Moses. 30. An image. 31. Mother-of-pearl. 33. Jacob's brother. 34. A plant of the lily family. 37. Last month (abbrev.). 38. A limb. 41. An Italian river. 43. Music term meaning *all by itself* (abbrev.).

Jacko in a Bad Way

ONE day Jacko found himself both penniless and hungry. He was penniless because he had spent all his pocket-money, and hungry because he was afraid to go home for lunch. There had been a frightful to-do that morning, for Mrs. Jacko had found a lot of things missing from the larder and she had had quite a lot to say about it.

But, in spite of all the jam-tarts he had eaten Jacko felt very hungry about lunch-time, especially when one o'clock struck and he saw everybody hurrying home for a meal. Even rice pudding would have been welcome for once in a way.

"I shall have to sell something," Jacko said at last, feeling in his empty pockets. And he took his watch in both hands and trotted along to the watchmaker's.

But the watchmaker was having his lunch, and there was a notice on the door to say that the shop was shut between one



One end of the boat was nearly in the water

and two o'clock. It was the same with all the other shops, and Jacko had to give up all idea of selling any of his possessions.

He pulled in his belt a bit tighter and wandered down to the river. Even the ferryman was away having his lunch, and his boat lay there idle, awaiting his return.

Jacko was gazing at it dismally when somebody called out to him.

"Hey, boy, can you take me across the ferry?" And there was the biggest man Jacko had ever seen!

He seemed to notice Jacko's look of surprise, for he smiled complacently and said: "Think me a bit on the large size, do you? Well, so I am, but I always pay accordingly, and I'll give you a shilling for taking me across."

Jacko's eyes nearly jumped out of his head. He had visions of a nice bit of juicy steak and some chip potatoes, and he fairly pushed the fat gentleman into the boat in his haste to be off.

But it wasn't quite so easy to earn that shilling as he had expected. The fat gentleman was so heavy that he weighed down his end of the boat till it was nearly in the water, while poor Jacko found himself perched in mid-air. He was so high up, in fact, that the oars would hardly reach the water, and of course the boat made no progress at all.

At last Jacko lost his balance completely and slithered down on top of the fat gentleman.

The extra weight was altogether too much for that end of the boat. Down it went into the water with a gurgle, and the next moment Jacko and his passenger were clinging to the landing-stage, which fortunately they had never left.

The fat gentleman was furious. And it didn't make him any calmer when the ferryman came along and accused him of upsetting his boat!

There was a regular to-do, and in the confusion Jacko managed to slip away unnoticed. He had decided that home was best—even with a caning in store!

A Constellation in Hiding

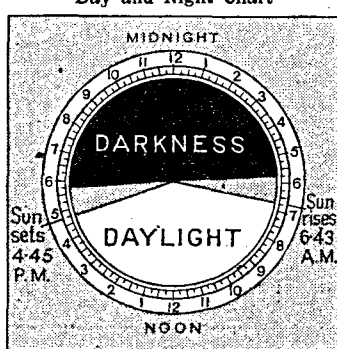
IN the tackle but not in the rope,
In the flannel but not in the soap,
In the hardy but not in the strong,
In the hammer but not in the gong,
In the caution but not in the heed,
In the bamboo but not in the reed,
In the text-book but not in the print,
In the tinder but not in the flint,
In the measure but not in the weight,
My whole is a constellation great.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Murgatroyd?

THIS surname is made up of two words, Margaret, the Christian name of a woman, and royd, a clearing in a wood. The surname Murgatroyd thus indicates that its bearers are descended from a woman named Margaret who lived in a clearing in a wood.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

Dr. MERRYMAN

On the Golf Links

PEDESTRIAN (anxious to keep out of the way): Now, which way are you going to hit the ball?
Nervous Beginner: I only wish I knew myself!

Such Fine Legs Too!

TOMMY (who has just been given a bulldog pup for a birthday present): Oh, Mother, do you think Toby ought to be so near the fire? Just look at his legs; it's warping them!

Live and Learn

FIRST Countryman (on a visit to a cathedral city, excitedly to driver of street watering-cart): Hi, man, you're losing all your water!

Second Countryman (contemptuously): Hold your noise, Tom! Don't you know it's let out to stop the boys from hanging on behind?

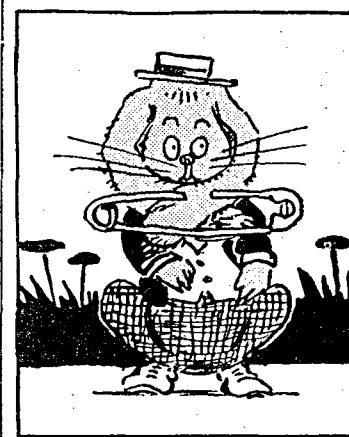
Not Conclusive

NERVOUS Old Gentleman: Are you sure these lifebelts are all cork?

Shopman: Certainly, sir. They're the very best make. We've sold hundreds and never had a complaint.

Nervous Old Gentleman: Ah, yes, no doubt. But then dead men tell no tales!

Precautions



RABBITS in Fussylund, we're told, Avoid all risk of catching cold. Tie their ears beneath their chins And fasten them with safety-pins!

Neatly Sold

FIRST Passenger (on the Underground): They tell me detectives have been put on here to catch people travelling without tickets.

Second Passenger (contemptuously): Have they? Well, all I can say is that I can travel as often as I like from Cannon Street to Victoria without paying a penny!

Detective (who has been pretending to be asleep in the corner seat, earnestly): I say, mate, I'll give you five shillings to tell me how I can do that!

Second Passenger (blandly): By walking!

Always Dresses for Dinner

THAT looks a well-bred dog.
I should think he is well-bred
Why, he won't touch his dinner till I've put his collar on!

A Beheaded Word

I AM a fish both neat and clever,
And in the crystal streams I play;
If you my head and shoulders sever
You'll find me out as clear as day.

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Puzzle Word

Revolution. Tin, lotion, lone, loré, note, tone, ton, not, no, on, rule, rut, vent.

An Enigma. Post.

Changeling

Rain, rail, sail, soil, coil, cool, pool.
A Buried Fable. The Two Frogs.

A Picture Puzzle

The objects were dial, bucket, chair, skate, from which we make the words ibis, duck, lark.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

October 22, 1927

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

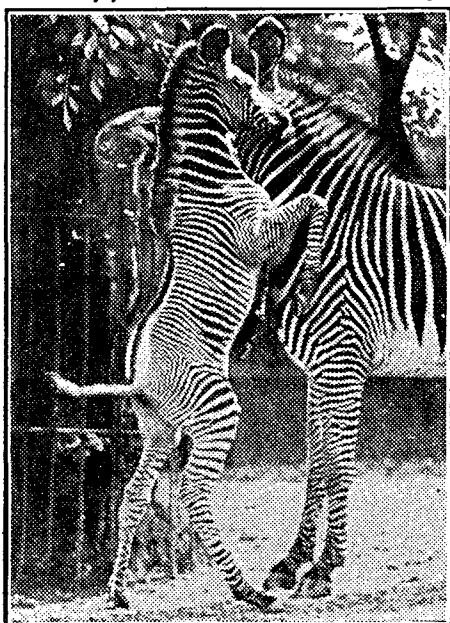
COAL MINE IN A CITY • BABY ZEBRA • PARADE OF RAILWAY ENGINES



Tossed in a Blanket—In this picture a Scout is being tossed in a blanket by some of his friends, but he enjoys the fun as much as the other boys. This old sport is very popular with Scouts



Coal Mine in a City—Almost in the heart of Sydney is the coal mine shaft seen in this picture. The mine, which has been worked for many years, runs for some miles under the harbour



An Important Baby—Great care is taken of this baby zebra, the first one born at the London Zoo for many years. It is here seen with its mother



An Irish Sheep Market—These sheep, which look as if they might be whispering to one another, are being sold in the market-place of the Irish town of Mullingar, where sheep are usually tied up in rings of about twenty when they are brought to market



Dignity Under Difficulties—These two puppies are trying to look dignified in spite of the photographer having placed them in a bucket



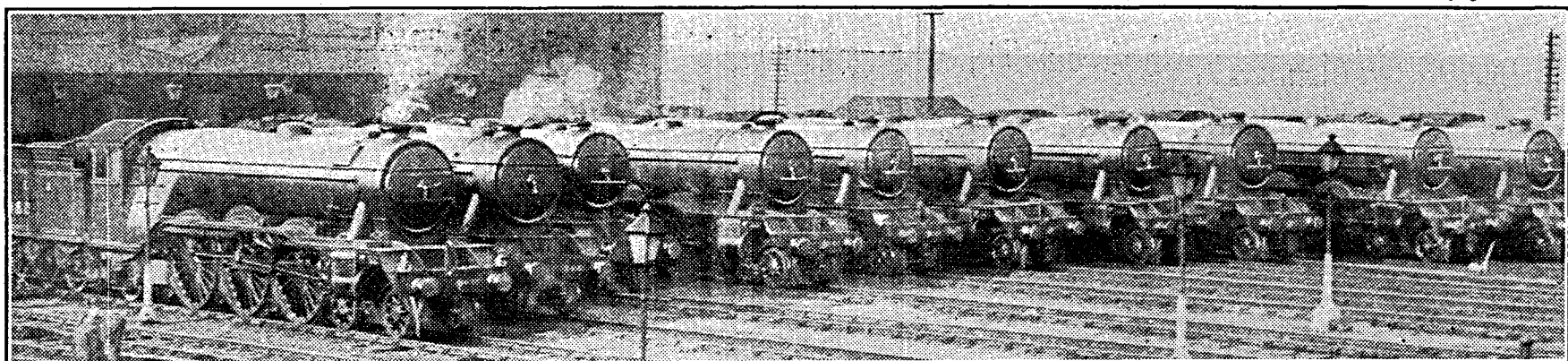
Moor Council School, Sunderland
More School Twins—The recent mention in the C.N. of twins in schools has brought these photographs of other groups of twins, most of them in Infant Schools. See page 4



Ton Pentre School, Rhondda Valley



Silver Street School, Warrington



The Engines Line Up—Ten express engines of the Flying Scotsman type have just been built by the London & North Eastern Railway. Here we see them lined up at Doncaster

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER

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